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A MEMORIAL

OF THE LATE

REV. THOMAS BINNEY,

LL. D.

EDITED BY THE

REV. JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

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UNWIN BROTHERS,
PRINTERS.

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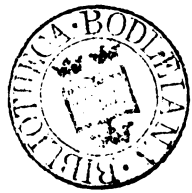

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PREFACE.

REQUESTS have been very generally made for the publication of the Services connected with the funeral of our lamented friend, the Reverend Thomas Binney.

In compliance with such requests, the Publishers have sought and obtained permission from the Ministers who conducted the solemnities, to gather into a small volume the Addresses and the two Sermons preached at the Weigh-House.

It has been thought desirable to add to these, the account given of Mr. Binney's last days by his relative, the Rev. Josiah Viney, and the sketch of his character, by the Rev. Dr. Allon, contained in an Address to the London Congregational Union, delivered the day after the funeral.

As Mr. Binney strictly prohibited the publication of memoirs under the sanction of his family or executors, no publication of the kind is contemplated; but it has been deemed necessary that some brief account of his life should appear in this volume. It is known, however, by his friends, that a paper in the *Sunday at Home*, noticing his public career, and including an enumeration of his works, obtained his sanction, so far as a bare statement of facts was concerned. The facts were submitted to him, and then received the imprimatur of his authority: and of the many biographical notices of him printed in his life, he considered this to be most accurate in respect to dates, places, and incidents. That account being considered preferable to any which could now be written, the use of it has been sought and kindly allowed by the Religious Tract Society;—hence, with a few necessary alterations and some slight additions, it is here printed as an introduction to what follows.

In the Appendix will be found a minute description of the funeral supplied by the *Daily News*.

Each Minister who has contributed to this volume has regarded Mr. Binney's character from his own point of view, and is of course responsible for nothing beyond his own statements.

With regard to my portion of the contents, I may remark that a funeral sermon is always prepared in haste, and in only a few instances will bear much criticism. It is addressed to the hearts of those who are in sympathy with the preacher and his theme, and obtains from them a response in which the general public can scarcely be expected to share.

JOHN STOUGHTON.

58, REDCLIFFE GARDENS, KENSINGTON,
March 19, 1874.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

THOMAS BINNEY.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

THE Rev. Thomas Binney was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne in the year 1798. As the Apostle Paul, after naming his birthplace, claimed for it due respect as being "no mean city," so the subject of this notice was wont to speak of the border county of which he was a native in terms of high commendation. In a funeral discourse on the death of the liberal and large-hearted Duke of Northumberland (we refer to the immediate predecessor of the duke last deceased), he claimed for the soil which gave him birth, the merit of having done not a little in yielding what must ever constitute the richest product of any land—we mean its men. Speaking as a northerner addressing southerners, Mr. Binney observed:—"Our coal and coasting trade used to be the nursery for your navy. We gave you Collingwood, one of the most perfect and symmetrical of characters. We

gave you a lord chancellor, who, whatever were his delays, had fewer of his decisions reversed than most others. We gave you the prime minister who carried your [first] reform bill. We have given you poets and mathematicians; and you have some men in London now, moving in the higher paths of general literature, who came from us. The subject of this discourse gave you your screw fighting-ships; another north man gave you your Armstrong guns. What is still better, one of our colliers, or at least one who had to do with the Northumbrian coal-pits—a man who thought he was "made for life" when he got twelve shillings a week—was the father of your railway system. And his son, inheriting his genius, has left a name that the world will not easily let die. The poor Killingworth boy earned for himself his public funeral, and now sleeps in Westminster Abbey with poets, and orators, and statesmen, and warriors, and nobles, and kings."

Mr. Binney was engaged, in his youth, in secular occupation; but he firmly resolved upon a career of self-improvement, and carried

out his purpose with a steadfastness and perseverance which enabled him to achieve results which many similarly circumstanced would have regarded as utterly impossible. Here, without any violation of confidence, we give a passage of autobiography. On one occasion Mr. Binney, addressing a number of young men connected with the Weigh-House congregation, and seeking to stimulate them to such self-education as they could achieve in that portion of their time which was not devoted to business, referred to some remarks on education which had been made in public, not long before, by the Right Hon. Robert Lowe. Mr. Lowe had said, that for two years he was thought to be very idle as to Latin and Greek, but that during this idle time he was reading as hard as he could the best English authors, and acquiring a thorough knowledge of English. He added, that he referred all his success in life, as a public man, to what he had done during those two years. "Now," continued Mr. Binney, after quoting these facts from Mr. Lowe, "encouraged by such a statement from such a man, I may mention something of

the same sort, pertaining to myself, as small things may be likened to great. You are young men engaged in business, but have to improve your minds as best you can in your leisure hours. Well, I was once in the same position. I was seven years in a bookseller's concern, and during that time my hours were, for two years, from seven to eight, and for five years, from seven to seven; under great pressure, I have sometimes been engaged from six till ten. But somehow, all the time, and especially from my fourteenth to my twentieth year, I found opportunities for much reading and a great deal of composition. I did not shirk, however, my Latin and Greek, for I went for some time, two evenings in the week, to an old Presbyterian clergyman, to learn the elements of the two languages, and could read Cæsar and St. John; but my great work was English. I read many of the best authors, I wrote largely both poetry and prose; and I did so with much painstaking. I laboured to acquire a good style of expression, as well as merely to express my thoughts. Some of the plans I pursued were rather odd, and produced odd

results. I read the whole of Johnson's 'Rambler,' put down all the new words I met with—and they were a good many—with their proper meanings, and then I wrote essays in imitation of Johnson, and used them up. I did the same with Thomson's 'Seasons,' and wrote blank verse to use his words, and also to acquire something of music and rhythm. And so I went on, sometimes writing long poems in heroic verse; one on the 'Being of a God;' another, in two or three 'books,' in blank verse, in imitation of 'Paradise Lost.' I wrote essays on 'The Immortality of the Soul,' sermons, a tragedy in three acts, and other things, very wonderful in their way, you may be sure! I think I can say I never fancied myself a poet or a philosopher; but I wrote on and on to acquire the power to write with readiness; and I say to you, with a full conviction of the truth of what I say, that, having lived to gain some little reputation as a writer, I attribute all my success to what I did for myself, and to the habits I formed during those years to which I have thus referred."

Mr. Binney was educated for the ministry in

the theological seminary or college at Wymondley, Herts, founded by the trustees of Mr. Coward—one of three institutions afterwards combined in New College, London, the other two being those at Highbury and Homerton. In 1824 he was ordained to the pastoral office over the Congregational Church in St. James's Street, Newport, Isle of Wight. The foremost man in the Dissenting ministry in the county of Hants was at that time the well-known Dr. Bogue, and from him, although an entire stranger, the young minister received, to use his own words, "the most gratifying expressions of regard," and a kind attention, which "united in its expression the solicitude of a friend with the mild affection of a parent." In the Isle of Wight, after he had been some time at his post, Mr. Binney found at work in the Church of England a minister of the Gospel, who afterwards achieved great celebrity. We refer to the late Bishop of Winchester, who (as Mr. Binney himself narrated, in the presence of the right reverend prelate, at a banquet at Fishmongers' Hall) took part with him in one of the Bible Society's meetings.

In the Isle of Wight Mr. Binney commenced his career of authorship by writing a "Memoir of the Rev. Stephen Morell,"—a young man who died soon after entering the ministry,—whose friendship had been enjoyed by Mr. Binney. This biography, although undoubtedly more suggestive than many works of the same class, was put together in a somewhat inartistic style; yet, though faulty in its proportions and arrangement, it bore the traces of a powerful pen, and showed in a striking manner that the author was very far from being content to walk in a beaten path, and was resolved not only to think for himself but to set others thinking too.

Mr. Binney remained about five years in the Isle of Wight, and during that period he delivered a course of expository lectures, a selection from which, some little time after his arrival in London, was published in one volume, under the title, "Illustrations of the Practical Power of Faith, in a Series of Popular Discourses on part of the Eleventh Chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews."

The following passage in the preface ex-

presses one of the favourite ideas of the author:—

"It is a great and blessed thing to be the means of calling a sinner from the error of his ways—a great happiness to be thus called and converted; but as it is a most weighty and true saying, that 'innocence is better than repentance—an unsullied life better than pardon'—so it is a great and desirable thing to secure the early establishment of such views of duty, and such principles of practical behaviour, as may 'keep' those '*in* the way' who are being trained in it according 'to the nurture and admonition of the Lord,' and who, as disciplined to Him, are to be taught from the first to shun evil from Christian motives, and to follow after 'whatsoever things are just, pure, true, honest, lovely, and of good report.' The author hopes that to Christian youth, especially young men, the book may be found an appropriate present, and that they will meet in it many things, which, if duly remembered and observed, will tend to keep them from evil, 'that it may not grieve them,' and to aid them in the cultivation of a manly, pure, pious, and happy life."

In the records of the church assembling in St. James's Street, Newport, there occurs an interesting statement, in Mr. Binney's handwriting, relative to his ministry there, and his removal to the Weigh-House. The following is the substance of the statement, as given by the Rev. Morison Newland in his funeral sermon for Mr. Binney:—"The Rev. Thomas Binney, educated at Wymondley College, Herts, and afterwards for about twelve months minister of the new meeting-house at Bedford, came to supply the congregation assembling in the Independent Chapel, St. James's Street, Newport, Isle of Wight, on the first Sabbath in August, 1824. He was requested to remain for two months, and during that time he preached at Nodehill Chapel, as that church was without a pastor, and some thoughts were entertained of a union of the two, but this was found to be impracticable. Mr. Binney received and accepted a call to settle over the church assembling at St. James's Street, and he was publicly ordained to this work on the 29th of December, 1824, his esteemed friend and tutor, the Rev. Thomas Morell, of Wymondley College, deliver-

ing an affectionate and impressive charge. In March, 1829, Mr. Binney received an invitation from the church assembling at Weigh-House, London, to visit them with a view to the pastoral office. This, on consideration, he declined. It was followed in April by another invitation, accompanied by a personal visit from one of the deacons, who was deputed by the rest to this business, and Mr. Binney consented, not without much hesitation, to spend three Sabbaths in London. Immediately on coming to this decision Mr. Binney called a special church meeting, and communicated his intention, stating that whatever might be the result of the journey, he could only go with conscientious satisfaction by the church knowing the nature of his visit. He wrote to the same import to the Congregational Committee, who met the same evening. From the Weigh-House he received a unanimous and urgent call, which he at length accepted, and he immediately called another special church meeting, and wrote to the Congregational Committee, communicating to both this final result, and he fixed the first Sabbath in

July as the last on which he would officiate in this church. He was five years all but one month over this society. During this period (these were still Mr. Binney's words) there were no deacons to co-operate with the pastor in the business of the church. The attendance was in general good. Some were added to the church, but strictly speaking it cannot be said that the society was very prosperous. For this, reasons may be assigned, furnished both by pastor and people; but may the Lord pardon the imperfections of both. And now, O Lord, send now prosperity! Amen and amen! (Signed) Thomas Binney." After commenting on the extract, the preacher said—"no doubt Mr. Binney was not readily appreciated there. He was at no time a popular preacher, in the ordinary acceptance of the term. He attempted no flights of imagination; but calm and deliberate, yet with wonderful force, he used argument and appealed to reason, making his way to the minds and consciences of the thoughtful."

The young minister's installation at the Weigh-House was most opportune; for in the

preceding interval, dating from the retirement of the Rev. John Clayton, there had been a state of things which by no means tended to the prosperity of the congregation. Mr. Binney had not long occupied the position of pastor, however, before it became necessary, in consequence of the enlargement of Eastcheap, to erect a new place of worship. A freehold site was secured on Fish-street-hill, which once linked the city to Southwark by forming the main thoroughfare to old London Bridge; and nearly opposite the Monument arose, at a cost of about £16,000, the commodious building now known as the King's Weigh-House Chapel, with its adjoining schoolrooms. The new edifice was capable of accommodating more than thrice the number of the old; but it speedily became filled.

This sketch would be utterly wanting in fidelity and completeness were all allusion here avoided to one of the main facts in Mr. Binney's career. On the occasion of laying the foundation-stone of the new chapel, Mr. Binney delivered an address which was afterwards published. Among the notes contained in an appendix, and which were never, therefore, actually spoken in

public, were some remarks on certain matters of controversy, at that time greatly debated; and one passage was deemed so unwarranted in its severity, that the author found himself the object of wide-spread censure. In fact, the minister of the King's Weigh-House was regarded by not a few as one of the narrowest of Nonconformists and the straitest of sectaries. Time has shown how great was this mistake, and how inadequately any man's sentiments can be learned from detached and isolated sentences.

Within some two years of the opening of the new Weigh-House Chapel, it became the birth-place of a most important institution. The minister often found among the people of his charge individuals or families who were about to emigrate to the British colonies, or who had parted with beloved relatives, gone to settle there. The spiritual destitution of numbers who had once been wont to listen to the preaching of the Gospel, many of them formerly belonging to his flock, and their kindred, became a subject of painful interest, which laid hold of Mr. Binney's best sympathies, and led him to obtain the co-operation of several of his brethren

and a number of influential laymen in the establishment of the Colonial Missionary Society, of which he may thus be regarded as the founder. This society fulfils, on behalf of the Congregational denomination, very much the same object as is effected by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the Colonial and Continental Church Society in connection with the Established Church. Not only has it sent out from England a goodly number of ministers, by whom the spiritual destitution naturally incident to the planting of new colonies has been greatly alleviated, but it has promoted the formation of institutions for training young men for the pastoral office; and thus theological seminaries have been called into existence in Canada, New South Wales, Tasmania, Victoria, and South Australia.

But it is time that we spoke of the mission which, under the Divine blessing, Mr. Binney was enabled to fulfil in the great metropolis as a preacher. We shall best do this by borrowing the words of a discriminating critic, written twenty-five years ago, when Mr. Binney was midway in his London career. "This gentleman,"

says the writer in question, "is, and has been for years, distinguished for the wonderfully attractive power which he exercises over young men, and those who have in them any the least disposition to follow the teachings of their better nature, rather than the passions of their worse, but who find not how they may do it till they come to the school of Christ. These young men Mr. Binney gathers round him, and makes them feel that in their teacher they have a friend and helper, and one who hopes well of them too. There is no veiling of the stern, glorious purity of the law of righteousness in his sermons; he is emphatically a preacher of righteousness. . . . Mr. Binney's congregation is very extensively composed of young men, who come up fresh from the country to learn the business of the world in the great establishments of our metropolis. Happy those who fall into hands like his! He takes them, and constrains their attention and interest, makes them feel that he understands them, and that he thinks—and somehow or other he makes them think it—that the Church is more worthy of their devotion than

even the gay world which glitters around them; he implants manly principles of thought and action, and develops a vigorous, earnest, and masculine religious character, while nourishing the spiritual seed which God has by him planted in their hearts. Then they depart, and make way for others. They are scattered in all parts of the land, and become, in country towns, cities, and villages, masters and men of influence; and we know not a few members of country Churches, whose honest, independent, manly Christianity has the happiest influence upon the Church with which they are connected, who have to thank Mr. Binney, not for the truth which he preached to them, but for the way in which he preached it, and the influence which his earnest, truth-loving, God-fearing spirit had, during the years of their London apprenticeship, on their own."

The same writer, analysing the characteristic elements of Mr. Binney's teaching, remarks: "It is full of spirit, and therefore of life. He is a man strong in spirit, as is said of John the Baptist. He is not especially distinguished by grace of fancy, glory of imagination, or depth of

philosophy, but by clearness and straightness of moral vision, stern truthfulness, and strong resolution to deal, not with the forms, but the realities of things. His words should be heard rather than read. His stern determination to get at the heart of the matter, whatever it may cost, infuses itself into his discourses, and gives to even trivial things from his lips a solemnity, an importance, and an appearance of having cost something, which secures for them an attention, which the deepest things of some other men can scarce command. The whole importance of the man is lent to every word he speaks, and hence his words are tinged, not exactly with poetic fire, but with the iron of a strong and conquering nature."

This description, though accurate, and especially so as referring to the period at which it was written, would not always be recognised as such by the "occasional hearer," and still less by the hearer of a single sermon from the Weigh-House pulpit. A casual listener to Mr. Binney might have heard what would make him remember the man and his message as long as memory performed its office; or he might have sat

through a discourse, without obtaining any adequate idea whatever of the mental calibre of the preacher.

Mr. Binney repeatedly appeared at Exeter Hall as one of the lecturers of the Young Men's Christian Association. On every such occasion the cordial reception which he obtained from his numerous audience afforded the most emphatic testimony to the value attached to his labours on behalf of young men. Several of the addresses thus delivered were expanded into entire volumes, which obtained a wide circulation. In this way there appeared, "Is it Possible to Make the Best of both Worlds?" (which is said to have sold, for a year after it was published, at the rate of one hundred copies a day); "From Seventeen to Thirty,"—the expansion of a lecture entitled, "The Town Life of a Youth from the Country: its Trials, Temptations, and Advantages:—Lessons from the History of Joseph;" and "Sir T. F. Buxton: a Study for Young Men." A course of lectures to young men, from the Book of Proverbs, delivered in the ordinary course of

ministerial duty, was followed by a lecture addressed to young women, from Proverbs xxxi. This is included in the last volume we have mentioned, under the title of "The Wife: or, a Mirror for Maidenhood. A Sketch." The dedication to this sketch reminds us that Mr. Binney's active pen in his mature years, as in his youth, found employment in verse. It is so brief, we give it entire:—

"TO MR. AND MRS. ———, EDINBURGH.

Happy the man, whose Mary at his side
Unites with him in listening to the Lord;
Happy the pair, to whom His pregnant word
Reveals its treasures vast and prospects wide;
Hallowed the house, thus filled and sanctified
By Truth and Love! And happy, also, he
Whose Martha—not neglecting higher things—
Busies herself with that which daily brings
Content and gladness,—making home to be
The seat of earthly comfort,—household care
With placid smile and brow presiding there!
But *happier* he whose lot it is to find
(Alas! in this imperfect world how rare!)
Mary and Martha in his mate combined."

Another lecture, delivered at Exeter Hall, which also deserves mention, is that entitled "Authorship," which contains some good advice

on English composition to those who are endeavouring to acquire that art; but this, if we recollect aright, has not been issued in an enlarged form, like those we have already named.

Mr. Binney published comparatively little of his poetry; but one hymn, included in the Congregational Hymn-book, may be quoted as affording no mean idea of his powers as a writer oi sacred verse:—

"Eternal Light! Eternal Light!
How pure that soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight
It shrinks not, but, with calm delight
Can live, and look on Thee!

The spirits that surround Thy throne,
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

O! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam?

There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode:—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God:—

These, these prepare us for the sight
Of Holiness above :
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the Eternal Light,
Through the Eternal Love ! "

A powerful impulse in favour of an improved style of psalmody was unquestionably communicated to the Nonconformist body by Mr. Binney's admirable book, entitled, "The Service of Song in the House of the Lord," delivered, in outline, as a sermon from 1 Chron. vi. 31, in which he traced the history of sacred song as given in various parts of Scripture in direct statement, incidental reference, and cursory allusion; and showed its importance in Divine worship as tested by the evidence of inspiration and the utterances of Him to whom that worship is addressed. Lectures on psalmody, by professional instructors, with opportunities for its exercise, were given at the Weigh-House with the most marked results. The most distinguished of these lecturers was Professor Lowell Mason, of Boston, U.S. It was about the time of his visit that one of the earliest of the numerous editions or sections of the Weigh-House Tune-book ("Congregational Church Music")

was compiled. One tune, commended by Professor Mason to the notice of the compilers, proved to be the composition of the Prince Consort. It had never been published in this country, and the Prince's permission was requested to allow it to form part of the Weigh-House series. His Royal Highness not only gave the permission sought, but accompanied it with the score of a new piece—a Christmas anthem. Both the pieces were accordingly included in the collection. Gregorian and other chants, anthems, and German chorales, as well as the ordinary hymn-tunes, became part of the sacred song in use at the Weigh-House. Yet with great variety and even somewhat of richness, there was simplicity, for it was throughout, in theory and fact, thoroughly congregational, the people, forming, as it were, one large choir. The execution of the psalmody at that period was such as a stranger with the slightest ear for music could never forget. The congregation being composed for the most part of men, the majority in the vigour of life, there was a fulness, a depth, and a power in the song of praise as it rose on a

Sabbath morning, which was most impressive and solemnising, and which reminded one of the noble choruses only to be heard in the land of Luther. Mr. Binney's efforts were thus not in vain; not only was the whole tone of the Weigh-House psalmody raised, but Nonconformist congregations generally, stimulated by this example, set themselves to reform and elevate their own practice of sacred music.

We must briefly refer to another branch of public worship, the conduct of which by Mr. Binney has been often the subject of remark. Being of opinion that the sermon was too exclusively the object of attention in the services among Dissenters, to the neglect of worship properly so called, he not only successfully exerted himself for the improvement of their psalmody, but he made it his aim to secure for public prayer, as the united act of the Church, a more reverential regard upon the part of the people. In the absence of a liturgy, of course much always depends in this respect, in Dissenting congregations, upon the minister. The pastor of the Weigh-House endeavoured so to conduct this part of the service, that some at

least of the advantages of a liturgy should be secured, by the definite, varied, and comprehensive character of the prayers, and a regard to the scope and purposes of each, whether supplication, intercession, or thanksgiving. To matter evidently the result of careful preparation was added a manner most devout and reverential. The result was, that some of the most attentive and thoughtful of the congregation have been known to declare that they were often so satisfied, strengthened, and refreshed, that at the end of the first portion of the service —which, as in the case of the Church of England, was concluded by Mr. Binney with the apostolic benediction—they would willingly have gone away without any sermon whatever.

In 1848 Mr. Binney received the highest honour which it was in the power of his brethren to confer, by being appointed Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. In that capacity he delivered three able addresses, which excited considerable attention. He had previously (in 1843) been appointed to preach before the Assembly of the Union, at its autumnal meeting, held in Leeds.

He fulfilled not only that engagement, but another, at the same place, under precisely similar circumstances, twenty-five years afterwards (in 1868). The assembly very urgently requested the publication of the discourse delivered on the first of these two occasions; but five or six years elapsed before it was given to the public. It then appeared under the title, "The Closet and the Church: a Book for Ministers;" the subject being private prayer by those who sustain the sacred function: in other words, the importance of ministerial devotion, from the connection between it and ministerial success. "The Ultimate Design of the Christian Ministry to Present Every Man Perfect in Jesus Christ," delivered some twenty-two years before, at one of the meetings of the Hampshire County Association, and then published at his request, was also re-issued as a companion volume to that just named, together with "The Christian Ministry, not a Priesthood."

Public events often called forth the exercise of Mr. Binney's powers, through both the press and the pulpit. In 1851, the year of the

first Great Exhibition, there appeared "The Royal Exchange and the Palace of Industry;" and in 1852, "Wellington, as Warrior, Senator, and Man." The Crimean war afforded opportunity for illustrating the "Terribleness of God's Doings towards Men and Nations." Discourses were repeatedly delivered from the Weigh-House pulpit, exhorting Christians to pray for the Queen and Parliament. After the trial and conviction, at the Central Criminal Court, of a fraudulent banker, who had previously enjoyed a high reputation for personal piety, a sermon was preached which could be forgotten by none of those who heard it, from Luke xxii. 21: "The hand of him that betrayeth me is with me on the table." The execution of an assassin, after his flight across the Atlantic, the mystery which for some time surrounded his crime, his apprehension in America, and his trial and condemnation in England, afforded opportunity for a discourse from Acts xxviii. 4: "No doubt this man was a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped the sea, yet vengeance [justice] suffereth not to live." The death of Josiah Conder, the friend

of Robert Hall and John Foster, suggested a sermon with reference to the career of that evangelical poet and his contributions to the services of the sanctuary, from Psalm lxxii. 20: "The prayers of David, the son of Jesse, are ended." A link which may be said to have united the minister of St. James's Street Chapel, Newport, to the Weigh-House, was a deacon of the latter place of worship, well-known, among other good works, for his considerate kindness to ministers. On the death of this gentleman —Mr. Joseph Proctor—an affectionate tribute to his memory was paid from the words, "The well-beloved Gaius" (3 John 1). These latter sermons were not, we believe, printed. Of funeral sermons by Mr. Binney, which have been given to the world through the press, we may mention, "The Christian Kept in Perfect Peace," for the Rev. T. Morell; "Life and Immortality brought to Light through the Gospel," for the Rev. Algernon Wells; "St. Paul at the Cross," for the Rev. Dr. Harris; "The Spirit admitted to the Heavenly House," for the Rev. T. Guyer.

In 1856, Mr. Binney, at the request of the

Rev. Dr. Baird, of New York, consented to edit a work on the liturgies of the Presbyterian or Reformed Churches. It was published under the title of "A Chapter on Liturgies: Historical Sketches." The editor contributed an introductory preface and an appendix, in the form of a conversation between four or five ministers on the question, "Are Dissenters to have a Liturgy?" The colloquy showed that that question was by no means so easy of solution as might, at first sight, be supposed, but gave no decided indication of Mr. Binney's views on the subject.

In the pursuit of health Mr. Binney not only repeatedly visited the Continent of Europe, but travelled in Egypt, spent some time in becoming personally acquainted with the United States, and devoted a still longer period to the Australian colonies. His visit to the great island-continent of the South was a memorable one. Among the most influential and prosperous of the colonists there were not a few with whom he was personally acquainted, and all either knew or had heard of his power as a preacher. His reception was

unprecedented, both as to its warmth and the circumstances by which it was attended. He preached, lectured, and addressed public meetings, first in one colony and then in another, attracting wherever he went large audiences, and eliciting deep interest and marked expressions of personal respect. Victoria, New South Wales, South Australia, Queensland, and Tasmania were all visited by him. During his stay in South Australia, among those whom he met at the house of the Governor, Sir R. G. Macdonnell, was the Bishop of Adelaide (Dr. Augustus Short). The result of their interview was that on the following day the Bishop addressed to the Congregational minister a long letter, which created no little sensation when published, as it was forthwith, in Australia, and awakened a good deal of interest, not unmingled with surprise, when it reached this country. The Bishop's letter was evidently dictated by the noblest sentiments; but its immediate object was not at first sight apparent. Indeed its aim appeared to be remote, rather than immediate. Declaring the present relations between the Church of England and

orthodox Dissenting bodies to be unsatisfactory, the Bishop examined the principles and conditions on which they might be improved, and a union be effected, or at least co-operation and official recognition, which might ultimately lead to union and the growth of a "church of the future," in which all sectarian differences among evangelical Protestants might be extinguished. Mr. Binney's visit gave a fresh impetus to reflections in which, as the Bishop informed him, he had long indulged. "Your fame as a preacher," said his lordship, "has preceded you. I knew that you would be welcomed by all who in your own immediate section of the Evangelical Church take an interest in religion, and by all in our own who are admirers of genius and piety, even though the echoes of your King's Weigh-House sermons had not died away." The Bishop said he felt assured that many Episcopalians, having heard Mr. Binney in churches belonging to his own denomination, would ask, "Why is he not invited to preach in our churches? What is the barrier which prevents him and other ministers from joining with our clergy at the Lord's table, and inter-

changing the ministry of the word in their respective pulpits?" The Bishop stated that he felt constrained, however, to maintain the rule of the Church of England, and to keep his pulpits closed against the Nonconformist divine, notwithstanding, as he told him, "the power of your intellect," the "vigour of your reasoning," "mighty eloquence," "purity of life," "suavity of manners," and "soundness in the faith." The Bishop evidently wrote this letter with a view to publication, and it was published accordingly. It led to the adoption of a memorial to the Bishop, signed by the Governor, the Chief Secretary, and other members of the government, and of synod (all members of the Church of England), requesting his lordship to invite Mr. Binney, before his departure from Adelaide, to fill one of the episcopal pulpits in that city, as "a sign of goodwill" towards their "brethren of the evangelical Churches," and in the belief that Christian union and Christian love would thereby be promoted in the hearts of those who, holding like faith in the great saving doctrines of religion, had been till then kept asunder by

differences in matters of form and discipline. In the absence of the Bishop, the memorial was submitted by the dean to the chapter, and that body unanimously resolved that it was not within its province to comply with the request. A number of gentlemen, in a counter-memorial, took objection to the movement, as did the Bishop himself, in a second letter to Mr. Binney, when he learned what had occurred. The Governor, Sir R. G. Macdonnell, also wrote a letter upon the subject, and the whole matter gave rise to much correspondence and considerable discussion, of great interest to all who are concerned in the advancement of Christian union among the churches of the Reformation.

Mr. Binney replied to the Bishop both by letter, in accordance with his lordship's wish, and also in an official address at Hobart-town. While in Tasmania he was requested to preside at the annual meeting of the Congregational Union. He accordingly occupied the chair, and made the Bishop of Adelaide's letter the text of his address to the ministers and delegates assembled on the occasion. On his

return to England, with his health thoroughly re-established, he gave to the public this address, and a narrative of the whole movement, in his "Lights and Shadows of Church Life in Australia." A highly influential requisition to take up his abode and to exercise his ministry in Australia, was, after some consideration, declined by him.

His services as a preacher were sought by other bodies of Christians, and by those engaged in the conduct of religious institutions—especially such as combine men of different orthodox communions in some common effort. On one occasion, in connection with a great international conference of the Evangelical Alliance, he delivered a discourse in English, Adolphe Monod another in French, and Dr. Krummacher a third in German. More recently, he preached at the centenary commemoration of Cheshunt College, founded by the Countess of Huntingdon, on which occasion there was a somewhat remarkable meeting of Churchmen and Dissenters, the former including the Dean of Canterbury, the Archdeacon of Coventry, and other clergymen.

Many years ago the University of Aberdeen conferred upon Mr. Binney the degree of LL.D., and one of the American universities that of D.D. Neither of these, however, were for some time assumed by him. We may add that for several years he occupied the responsible post of Chairman of the Council of New College, London, the most important academical institution in connection with the Congregational body: and for a year and a half before his death filled the office of Lecturer on preaching and pastoral duties.

We shall not attempt even to enumerate all Mr. Binney's acknowledged works, still less his numerous fugitive pieces and varied contributions to periodical literature. In addition to those already named, we must mention, however, some others in justice to the reader of this sketch. The substance of a series of lectures on the career of the Apostle to the Gentiles will be found in a volume entitled, "St. Paul: his Life and Ministry to the End of his Third Missionary Journey." How bad or how good a thing money may become accordingly as it is regarded by its owner—how

the canker of covetousness may eat, and has eaten, into the human soul—how, to the Christian, the possession of money is a stewardship, and systematic beneficence a duty—are illustrated in a book devoted wholly to the elucidation of the teaching of Scripture on these subjects: the title is "Money: a Popular Exposition in Rough Notes." The Romanising movement is dealt with in "Micah, the Priest-maker: a Handbook on Ritualism." In his "Sermons Preached in the King's Weigh-House Chapel, London: 1829—1869," the public have some of his ablest and most finished productions. Of the seventeen discourses of which the book consists, a few had appeared before. Among these is a very powerful discourse, entitled "Salvation by Fire and Salvation in Fulness." Several on the "Divine Life in Man" are among the most noticeable of the sermons which were printed for the first time in this volume, and contain much wise Christian counsel, singularly adapted to promote the growth of personal piety in an age charged with so many elements of worldliness as the present.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

BY THE

REV. JOSIAH VINEY.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

THE following personal reminiscences, extracted from a sermon by the Rev. J. Viney on the occasion of his brother-in-law's death, on the text, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" contain particulars which will be read with interest, as furnished by one who was intimate with him, and attended him in his last illness:—

There was in our dear friend great force. Though not physically so strong as his massive frame might indicate, he was in many senses a strong man: was so intellectually—had a grasp and grip of mind like steel, which made him master of any subject he handled, enabling him to dwell upon it exhaustively and to view it in all its lights; was so morally—had strong and deep convictions, both of truth and duty, the very opposite of shallow and superficial ones; was so rhetorically—had a power of speech,

forcible utterance, the result of clear perception and deep emotion, which rivetted an audience, and ever gave a sense of reality to his theme; was so as a literary man—his books being not only numerous, though he has left no great work, but most vigorous in thought, treatment, and style. He had the strength of the prophet.

Perhaps I may add his weakness too. It may be that as strong lights give deep shadows, all strong natures have their seasons of corresponding reaction and feebleness. Elijah had his. He "was a man of like passions with us," and there were scenes in his life which showed how he sometimes succumbed to pressure, and to the irritation, not to say petulance, of an overwrought frame. It was not otherwise with our dear friend. The "day's journey into the wilderness;" the fevered sleep "under the juniper tree;" the impassioned exclamation, "Oh, Lord, take away my life!" were episodes in the prophet's life which might find their counterpart in his, while a singularly sensitive and nervous organisation made him sometimes the victim of fears and moods of feeling trying to himself and to others.

He was a man, however, spite of this, of great courage: was this in the assertion of what seemed to him to be right, whether in principle or action, and equally so in the part he took in all the great movements of the day; not cowardly shunning them, but seeking to mould and influence them for good, alike by his presence and pen. If he had not, like Elijah, to stand alone in vindication of right and truth, he possessed and manifested the spirit which, had it been necessary, would have led him so to do.

He was a man, too, of great religious devotion. This, as was natural, was moulded by his vigorous character: was less sentimental than robust, less disposed to express itself in set or cant phrases than in practical and decided action; but it was very sincere. No one who listened to his prayers, whether in the family or the church, could doubt that, prophet-like, he knew what it was to visit Carmel, and to bow reverently before God. If his prayers did not open heaven and bring literal rain, they often seemed to conduct to the very "gate of heaven" and to obtain showers of blessings;

while the importance he ever attached to the devotional parts of public service, the devout reading of Scripture "without bits of comment," as he was wont to express it, prayer and praise, —showed the bent of his spirit, the devotion of his mind.

If I might extend the parallel it would be to add he was a man of great tenderness of spirit. Like the rugged prophet denouncing the impiety of Ahab, or mercilessly exposing the pretensions and shams of his priests, he may to some have seemed harsh and abrupt; but beneath the rough exterior there was great gentleness and love. His delight in little children, his patience with the erring, his sympathy with the sorrowing and sad, his generous gifts, all betokened this; while to those who knew him in the inner circle of his life, there was ever a gentle stream of kindness over even "cataracts and breaks" which sparkled in sunlight beauty. . . . .

Many features in his character suggest themselves as worthy of our earnest imitation.

1. His conscientious and painstaking diligence. Mr. Binney, as you know, was a great preacher. He believed in the power of the pul-

pit, and made his hearers feel it. The priesthood of letters he did not despise, for he claimed in it a place; but the pulpit was his throne, and for it he diligently prepared. However he might seem to be evolving thought not before eliminated, it was not so in fact; and I have heard him say he never could preach comfortably or efficiently if he did not know where to put his finger on each leading idea. True, he sometimes preached poor sermons, if not, as some called them, bad ones, but this was often from exhaustion in previous efforts, and such public occupation as diminished time for the Sabbath. As a rule, to preaching, authorship, and everything else, he gave conscientious thorough work, and did not offer that which cost him nothing. Whatever he did he sought to do, and did, well. How much more might be done by all if, with or without genius, we each did our best for God!

2. His consistent adhesion to great principles. The leading journal, in its recent critique, declared that Mr. Binney was so satisfied with his premises and bases of belief as never to call them in question, but only built up a structure upon them. This is a great mistake. I

believe he was satisfied *because* he had questioned them, had sifted them thoroughly. Like Elisha, he went to the "springs" and first dealt with them. It was so with regard to Evangelical truth. Few were more independent of mere tradition than our friend, or more sympathetic with honest doubt and difficulty, or more willing to hear the opposite side of a subject, and as far as possible to put himself in his opponents' place, or had in himself gone through more searching, painful scrutiny; but none, and especially as life advanced, held with more tenacity to the great cardinal truths of Scripture, or delighted more to advocate them. They were all in all to him, and though in the most varied, and often original, lights he could present them, there they ever were. The burden of his ministry and teaching was, "Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

This was so, too, with regard to Ecclesiastical polity. A large-hearted man, a lover of all good men, he yet held fast to the principles of Dissent. Why he did this, and at what sacrifice, his books on *Clerical Nonconformity*, *Dissent not Schism*, *The Church of the Future*, and his various

controversial pamphlets, sufficiently show. He believed them to be more scriptural; not perfect in their form or mode of presentation by any existing society, but indispensable from circumstances, and incumbent upon all who would be faithful to the Headship of Christ in the Church. What this cost him none will ever know. Conformity—who doubts it?—would have earned him honour, emolument, patronage, a bishopric at least. Nonconformity has left him to die comparatively a poor man. It is not right it should be so. The social system is wrong which permits inequalities like this, which abolishes patronage and purchase in the army but tolerates them in the Church; but being so, Mr. Binney never for a moment wavered in his duty; and, I say, all honour to the man who for half a century and more could see all the golden gifts slipping by him, and for the sake of principle, a sense of duty to Christ and His people, could stand firm to his colours, and refuse to yield acquiesence for the sake of position and gain. There is something of the sternness of Elijah in this, and it is worthy of Elisha's imitation.

3. His large-heartedness and breadth. Though

in one sense a devotee to his Master and His work, he had nothing about him of the recluse or the hermit. In the best sense he was a man of the world; looked beyond his study and his books to men and things; had his eyes and ears open to all that was transpiring around, and sought to turn it all to account; felt himself a citizen of earth as well as of heaven, and endeavoured to utilise as well as to elevate life.

4. Much might be said too of our friend's social qualities, as well as his personal and public ones. He was a genial man, fond of society, loving his kind, delighting in the companionship of the wise, the gentle, the good; was keenly alive to all that was artistic and beautiful in person, domestic arrangement, art, science, literary production, and God's great field of nature; was a many-sided man, touched life at many points, and was touched by it variously; a man of wit and humour — Luther- and Latimer-like in this respect—in his conversation and preaching too. Withal he was very manly; meanness, littleness, double-dealing, untruthfulness, prevarication, shuffling, trick, whether in business or Church-life, he loathed

and scorned, and would not hesitate to show it. He was, as often said, a man every inch of him. Let him be imitated in this, and in these and kindred aspects of his character may the spirit of Elijah rest upon Elisha.

But he is gone! His biography need not be detailed, for it has been often of late repeated; let a few facts suffice. For fifty years in the ministry—first at Bedford, then at Newport, forty years pastor of the Weigh-House—in 1869 he retired from it full of days and honours, testimonials both from his people and the public following in quick succession. Though relieved from the pastorate, however, he was not idle, but did much by word and pen—more than his strength was equal to. For many months he filled the chair of Homiletics at New College, lecturing weekly. Up to November he preached, his last sermon being in Westminster Chapel. In the January number of the *Evangelical Magazine*, he wrote the last of those "short essays" which for two years have enriched its pages with their quiet beauty. In the month of February he visited Highgate, and it was the last visit he paid. His closing

family prayer there will never be forgotten. For three months before his death he suffered greatly from feeble and irregular action of the heart, for which the first medical advice was sought. Though temporarily relieved, it continued, and subsequently returned with increasing violence. The discomfort of this was great, though of acute pain there was little. One of its distressing adjuncts was excessive sleeplessness, and often did he utter Job's complaint, "Wearisome nights are appointed to me."

From the commencement of his illness he had the distinct impression he should not recover. "It is the beginning of the end." "The doctors do their best; but the disease gains ground, spite of them." During this period not only was he ministered to by loving hearts and hands at home, but from a large circle of anxious and inquiring friends he received constant tokens of affection. These often deeply affected him, and as presents of fruit, flowers, and delicacies were brought in, he was sometimes moved to tears, and was greatly impressed by the love and kindness of friends. He dreaded lengthened illness, and envied a

Christian lady to whom he referred, whose sudden death a year before had been like a translation—"in her work one day, unconscious the next, and then in heaven: what a blessed transition!" In his disturbed nights his dreams were often troubled: "I have been dreaming so much—fancied I was preaching about the Atonement, and I cannot understand it. These doctrines puzzle me." It was urged he should leave the doctrines just then, and rest upon the promises: "Ah! that I could; but I can grasp nothing." Prayer, of course, was often resorted to. As long as possible, family devotions were conducted by himself, and the depth of humility and tenderness in them were touching to all.

"On the night of January 28th," says a dear friend, "he had prayers as usual, and asked me to read the 66th Psalm; considering that he had previously been talking of the failure of his faculties, and his inability to think, I was perfectly astonished at his prayer. Anything more luminous and well-ordered I never heard from him in his most vigorous days. He introduced nearly every verse in the Psalm, I think in regular order, dwelling specially on the

twenty-first verse, with marked emphasis on the latter clause, 'But Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.' Altogether he seemed completely to appropriate the sentiments of the Psalmist, and to feel, 'Verily God hath heard me.'"

When his strength was unequal to lead the devotions, he liked to have them conducted by others in his room. "Pray? Oh yes, certainly; though to religious people, saints, children of God, all life is a prayer." His occasional utterances—though, from the painful shortness of his breath, these were infrequent—were very suggestive. Much was said by him of course too personal and sacred for publication; the following may be of general interest:—After listening to the 3rd of Romans, especially the twenty-sixth verse, his reference to the justice of God in justifying the believer showed his deep sense of "the marvellous plan of salvation." God's providence was referred to: "Yes, wonderful; a great system of spiritual life and work going on side by side with the material, and through it." To a young man he spoke forcibly on the importance of avoiding all evil, if only to pre-

vent subsequent remorse. "God's preventing goodness is greater than His pardoning mercy. Better not to sin than to be saved from sin." He was greatly interested in the revival work going on in Edinburgh and the North. "But you see it is so much easier to keep up this for a short time than to go on for years; besides, with these good men it is the *one* thing." "Perhaps it would be better if ministers kept more to their own specific duty." "Yes, it would, but it is difficult, though I always tried to keep a large portion of my mind for my own proper work."

Towards the close of his life, and as the natural effect of his physical weakness and malady, his mind became for a time greatly depressed, and a condition of gloom set in, which was partly constitutional with him, and which at different periods had led him to seek relief in America and Australia. This deprived him for a season of the strong consolation and joy to which he was entitled, and which all about him sought to convey. It took the form of doubt and questioning as to his spiritual state. During this time the Psalms, with their undulations of

thought and feeling, were especially dear to him —a fact which recalled to some his own exquisite description of them in his "Service of Song."

On the 51st Psalm he may be said for many days to have lived. It was "wonderful," "wonderful that God should not despise the contrite and broken spirit which crawls into His presence: how men would despise it." Effort was made to withdraw him from it, to such passages as the 8th of Romans, and its closing words of victory; but the former was preferred and reverted to. One of his own sermons on the divine life in man was read to him; but though deeply touched, he refused to be comforted, and for a season great darkness seemed to settle upon him, when he wrote bitter things against himself. Throughout, however, the bent of his mind was obvious—his desire was towards God, and his groaning was directed to Him. The Saviour was the one subject on which he loved to dwell, and his whole soul rested on Him. Any reference to the love of Jesus brought from him a quick response; and even at times of greatest depression, his face would light up if a text or verse of a hymn,

speaking of the Saviour, were repeated to him. He took great delight in hearing hymns, specially those addressed to Christ. The one beginning, "Jesus, refuge of my soul," was a great favourite, and at the end of each line of the second verse he would often utter a short ejaculatory prayer. In times of weariness and pain, the following lines, from two hymns by Miss Waring, always seemed to soothe him :—

"I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see :
But the Hand that bled to make it mine,
Is keeping it for me."

And—

"When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on Thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay,
And the rough wind becomes a song,
And darkness shines like day."

Many times, at his request, the latter verse was said to him, and he repeated the lines. A little leaflet, called "A Voice in the Twilight," was a source of much comfort to him : he never heard it read without signs of emotion. The third verse of his own beautiful hymn, however,

seemed at this time to express his most frequent experience :—

> "Oh, how shall I, whose native sphere
> Is dark, whose mind is dim,
> Before the Ineffable appear,
> And on my naked spirit bear
> The uncreated beam?"

The ingenuity with which at these seasons he would divert words of comfort from himself was singularly acute: "Even admitting all you say, 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'" "No; you misquote the passage and forget its connection: 'If we walk in the light, as He is in the light,' *then* the blood of Christ cleanseth, not otherwise. The Gospel discriminates. It has its limitations." "But it certainly is meant to offer to all salvation through Christ." "Ah, you don't understand—cannot enter into my experience. Light has come down from heaven as a revelation through the reason into the heart, opening up the depths of life with terrible distinctness and vividness."

It is believed that ere he reached the haven the sun again shone upon him. For a long time it was dark, and Jesus had not come to him; but

his last utterances were cheerful, if not triumphant. When articulation had almost failed, he twice said faintly, but deliberately, "I am greatly relieved." He also uttered the expressions, apparently soliloquising, "The good God," "the eternal world," "salvation," while through the twelve hours he lay speechless, though evidently conscious, his quiet position and calmer expression of countenance indicated that, if not before, at eventide it was light, and that after the conflict, as Bunyan says, "the enemy was still as a stone till he went over." It is all past now, and although he "feared, as he entered into the cloud," he has found on the other side light and the presence of his Lord.

His funeral at Abney Park was indicative of deep and universal respect. From all our institutions, and from all parts of the country, deputations, not invited, but having asked permission to follow, attended, while thousands of silent spectators testified by their respectful demeanour to their reverence and regard for the deceased. And so he has left us and joined the immortals! We follow him with our regrets and tears indeed, yet with gratitude that he has lived,

has been spared so long—that we have known, loved, been connected with, "ministered" to him; and now that we see him no more, and the departing convoy fades from our view, we will not forget that his and our Saviour still lives, and will check unavailing sorrow by the suggestive and stirring thought of the question, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?"

ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT

STAMFORD HILL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

BY THE

REV. JOSHUA C. HARRISON.

ADDRESS.

THERE is no nobler thing, brethren, than a life wholly given up to the service of God,—a life which receives its tone and colouring, its bent and purpose, from the grace of Christ, and then is entirely devoted to His work. Such a life is not terminated by death,—death only divides it into two main parts, the one occupied with the lower and preliminary ministry of earth, the other with the perfect and enduring ministry of heaven. Death in such a case brings both sorrow and joy; it deprives the Church of an element of power and usefulness, and individuals of the charm and solace of loving friendship, but it conducts the faithful worker to fields of higher service, and to the crown of eternal glory.

When we look on that coffin, which contains the once majestic form of our loved and venerated friend, we cannot but lament that we

shall no more see his face in the flesh, shall never again feel the charm of his genial companionship, or listen to his powerful and suggestive words, or receive the expression of his warm and generous love; but, on the other hand, we thank God with all our heart that he is now free from weakness and depression, and has passed to the higher sphere in which his great and varied powers are set to a purer harmony and are employed in nobler work.

Christ's ministers differ from each other "as one star differeth from another star in glory." Each in his own way may serve the Master. Each one is adapted, more than any other, not only to meet certain orders of mind, but to reflect certain features of our Lord's character, to set forth certain aspects of His truth. No one can fully represent Christ in the world as He represented the Father. He gathered up into Himself all the scattered rays of light which shone in the saints of the old covenant, and blended them in clear and perfect unity. Again He distributes that light amongst His saints of the new covenant as they are able to receive and manifest it; but it is only

some single ray that the individual can ever reflect. Even the Church, as a whole, but very inadequately exhibits His manifold glory.

In speaking, then, of any of Christ's servants with the warmth and affection which their recent departure naturally calls forth, we are not placing them for a moment before their Lord. We only think of what He made them, and "we glorify God in them."

No doubt the special characteristic of our honoured friend was manly strength. He had a massive frame, and a massive intellect to match. He saw truth very vividly, and reasoned on it very forcibly. He laid his foundations broad and strong, and then built on them a superstructure firm and sound. It was a necessity with him to get a sharp, clear view of everything he wished to communicate, and then to set it forth with such distinctness that it could not be misunderstood or forgotten. The consequence was that he was wont to approach the Gospel, if I may so say, on its intellectual side, and to bring his logical power to the discussion of its great cardinal truths. Like Paul, he reasoned of righteousness, and temperance,

and judgment to come. And though his reasonings in some respects were very dissimilar to those of the Apostle, they resembled them in this, — that they were aglow with fire and passion—were sometimes lighted up with the ardour of a vivifying imagination.

It is not for me to endeavour to relate his history; that must be done by other hands. But I may say that very early in life he was brought to religious decision, and then devoted himself to the service of Christ. The ministry he ever regarded as a *vocation:* not a thing which *he* had chosen, but a thing to which God had called him. With this conviction he felt bound to cultivate his powers with assiduous care, that he might bring his best to the fulfilment of duties that were Divinely appointed. And assuredly the diligence with which he set himself to repair the defects of early education, before he entered the college where he received his theological training, and to equip himself for his work, affords a valuable lesson to all who contemplate Christian service. By his example he seems to say, "Do not trust to mere ability, however great; do not think that

time given to laborious discipline of the mind is time wasted or lost. The pause at the beginning means power to achieve twice as much as otherwise all through life, so that apparent loss at first brings large gain ever after. Devote to your gracious Lord your highest faculties, cultivated with conscientious care, for though He accepts the smallest offering—the two mites, when that is all your substance—He strongly condemns the indolent return of the one talent without the increase which industry should have gained."

Our dear friend passed the first few years of his ministerial life in the obscurity of a small country town. It was not until he removed to the metropolis, more than forty years ago, that he became widely known; but from the very beginning of his work in the Weigh-House he made himself felt. He adopted a style of preaching very different from that which then prevailed — bold, original, independent, natural, manly. He discarded conventional forms, turned his subject about and presented it in every conceivable light, and resorted to any style of language, homely and colloquial, or glowing

and impassioned, by which he might make it live before his hearers, and send them home full of what he had said.

And there were three things in his public ministrations which were very noteworthy. First, he endeavoured to make the Scriptures themselves speak to his audience. He never treated the Word of God as if it were a repository of felicitous or impressive mottoes, to be used as starting-points for his own disquisitions. He took large sections or portions at once, honestly endeavoured to bring out the exact thought of the sacred writer, and then fairly and faithfully applied it to the circumstances or wants of his hearers. When he preached from a short text he seldom used it as a mere proverb or apothegm to be considered apart, but made the passage or book from which it was taken furnish illustration or confirmation of the thought it contained, so that often, whilst professedly opening up a single verse, he was in reality expounding a whole chapter. He looked at Scripture, indeed, in his own way, and, because he presented the results of his own study and insight, often appeared strikingly

original; but he was careful to point out that the thoughts were not his own, that they were all fairly drawn from the inspired Book, and that, so far as he could see, they expressed the mind of Christ. And then he would take a narrative, a parable, a miracle, a passage from an epistle, and by means of his graphic, even dramatic power would make it stand before you in such bold relief that you saw it just as the inspired author intended it to be seen, and felt that "seeing is believing;" the clearness and truth with which the fact or thought was presented producing the same effect as the strongest evidence. Many and many a young man, when thus shown what the Scriptures do really say, what the miracles with their attendant circumstances really were, what our Lord and His apostles really thought, lost all their doubts, and rested in the conclusion that words so wonderful were the true sayings of God. The homage which he paid to the inspired records, the diligence with which he sought out their true meaning, and the honesty with which he stated to his people precisely what he believed they taught, were marked features in his minis-

try, and made it so attractive and useful to thoughtful men. "My words shall be of the uprightness of my heart, and my lips shall utter knowledge clearly."

A second thing noticeable in him was the breadth of his sympathies. He had an intensely sympathetic nature, and hence took the deepest interest in all the great movements of society, all the great institutions of his country, all the great questions of the day. He watched them closely; he viewed them in the light of the Christian faith; he tried to point out how far they were in accordance with the spirit of the Gospel, and how far they were opposed to it; in what way they might be raised to a higher eminence, and be laid hold of and used for Christ. He could only wonder at that sentimental piety which, under the plea of intense spirituality, holds itself aloof from the stirring events of the time, as if the great Father did not concern Himself with the history and progress of the world, and therefore it was the duty of His children to let the world manage itself. He claimed the world for Christ in the largest sense, heard in every popular cry a call

for Christian teaching, saw in every popular movement an opportunity for Christian interposition and work, and tried to show Christian men how they could wisely mix themselves up with such things and use them for the furtherance of the Gospel.

The same spirit of sympathy enabled him to put himself into the place of "all sorts and conditions of men," to understand their feelings, to see their wants, to pass with them through their struggles, to describe these as if they were his own experiences, and then to show how the Gospel anticipates and meets them all. He, indeed, loved to expound and defend the fundamental truths of our faith, and never wrote or spoke with greater force and fire than when insisting on the redemptive work of Christ. He gloried in the Cross, and there his great strength lay. He could dwell with reverent but cautious spirit on "the powers of the world to come," and that blessed but mysterious state, the wonders of which he now beholds. But he was specially at home when proving that the Gospel was meant to direct the ordinary business of every-day life, and to light each wayfarer on

his path; that the present offers a sphere for the attainment and exhibition of the loftiest character and the accomplishment of the most useful work; and that life becomes great in virtue not so much of grand and uncommon achievements, as of common and even trivial acts, pervaded and ennobled by great principles. To him there was no charm in that "unbreathed and cloistered virtue" which seeks safety by shunning the fight; his heart was with that nobler, manlier virtue which dares the battle, and, by Christ's strength, stands fast and prevails.

Moreover, this sympathetic nature made him quick to perceive all that was good in opposing persons and systems. Hence, he never could be depended on as a safe and thorough-going partisan. He could not help looking all round, and, if he saw anything to admire in his adversary's faith or policy, he frankly told out what he saw. He indeed took a leading part in the great ecclesiastical controversies of the day, and stated his case with singular adroitness and power. Some of his pamphlets, thrown off in the heat of the conflict,

are fine specimens of forcible and conclusive reasoning. But even when he was set down by many as a hot and intemperate Dissenter, his real object was to sweep away barriers that divided Christian brethren, laws and institutions which offended against Christian love, and so to get near to those from whom he was artificially separated, but with whom he felt himself one in heart.

His heart was full of warm sympathies, of deep, generous love; and he longed not only to be one, but to be seen to be one, with all good men.

The third thing for which he was remarkable was the delight which he took in the worship of the Church, and the thought and pains he bestowed to make it as devout, and impressive, and spiritually helpful as possible. He could not endure irreverence, or carelessness, or presumption, or flippancy, in either prayer or praise. With profound awe, and yet with joyful freedom, he led the devotions of his people; expressed their wants in rich, ample, fervent petitions, their gratitude in glowing thanksgivings; pleaded, interceded, besought, some-

times as if he stood at the open gate and spoke with God face to face. To promote the blessed work of praise, he wrote that most beautiful and eloquent of all his publications, "The Service of Song in the House of the Lord;" and maintained that the more admirable the psalmody, the more perfectly would it express the adorations of devout hearts.

Putting these things together, you cannot wonder that when he began his work in London he was regarded as a real moral power, and that crowds of strong, inquiring men—especially young men—flocked around him, and affirmed that a new era had opened up in their history. Many now are ready to say that from him they learnt that to be real and true in dealing with themselves, and real and true in dealing with God's Word, was the certain way of finding satisfaction and rest to their souls.

There can be no doubt that as years passed on, and influence increased, and words of adulation were offered, and a position was made, there was strong temptation to relax the tension and indulge the craving for rest and enjoyment, and be content with a less elevated strain; and

that these temptations may not have been always resisted; but in the main he was to the end the same large-hearted, ample-headed man as at the beginning, and exerted an influence which very few could rival. For, indeed, he won for himself as much affection as admiration. Moody, when his nerves were unstrung, occasionally irritable when interrupted in his work, he was the most generous and tender-hearted of men. How young he was among the young, entering into their amusements, joining in their talk, excusing their faults, and encouraging them in the path of godliness! How gentle he was with the erring, willing to believe the best of them, and glad, if possible, to restore them! How hard he would work to obtain substantial help for those who were in need! How long and lovingly he would sit and talk with the fatherless and widow! How difficult he found it to refuse assistance, even to those whose deserts were far below their wants! How staunch and faithful he was in his friendship! How ready to forgive—ay, to forgive those who had publicly injured and maligned him! how promptly he responded to

the first advance, and renewed the broken intercourse! So that it was not surprising to others, though it seemed so to him, that in his time of suffering and seclusion he should receive so many letters expressive of the warmest affection. With eyes full of tears, he said, "It is almost more than I can bear; the letters that come to me are so full of love; not admiration, but *love*, and love is far better than admiration."

His last illness was indeed very distressing. Extreme weakness caused painful depression. But the thirst of his soul was to be nearer to God; and in the Psalms, of which he spoke with passionate admiration, he found words which at once expressed his troubled feelings, and brought repose to his mind. Perhaps he found them so precious because they quickened that feeling of child-like trust and dependence in which, as he well knew, true satisfaction alone could be found.

But he has passed beyond all sorrow and sadness, all weakness and depression now. He is with the Lord—for ever with the Lord. We thank God for his long and useful life, a life

not broken off in the middle before half the purposes of his heart were accomplished, but drawn out, ay, full of zest, to old age. But we shall miss him greatly. The Church at large will miss him, for he was known everywhere, and was the property of all. The Churches to which he particularly belonged will miss him, for to us he was a tower of strength, and he will no more appear in our assemblies to utter words of genial pleasantry or fatherly wisdom, to aid us by his counsels, and soothe us by his prayers. His friends will miss him, for they will not again receive his cordial welcome, or listen to his stimulative or entertaining conversation, his devout and quickening thoughts. Those especially will miss him for whom at this sacred hour we tenderly pray—the solitary mourner in the home which he has left for ever, whose loving and most patient ministrations are now no longer needed; and the sons, far away in Australia, who never failed with every post to receive letters of love from their father's hand. He is gone; and how loud is the call which his departure addresses to us

who survive to serve our Lord with redoubled fidelity and earnestness! He is gone; but his Master remains. "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." His Gospel still is, and ever will be, the power of God unto salvation to all who believe. Ay, it may be that at this solemn moment its power is felt by someone who disregarded the living voice, but cannot resist the recollections that are called up by the silence of death! Yes, Jesus, our Lord, will carry on His work, with us or without us, as He sees best. His kingdom will come, His Church will triumph, all nations will be blessed in Him! Still He does not undervalue His servants. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints;" and precious is their memory to *us*. Dear friend, tried and faithful, very loving, very pleasant wast thou in life, and now thou art without fault before the throne of God!

"Servant of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in Thy Saviour's joy."

ADDRESS AT THE GRAVE,

BY THE

REV. H. ALLON, D.D.

ADDRESS AT THE GRAVE.

No lessons are so solemn as those of the open grave, and we are never so subdued by natural awe and by tender affections for the reception of them. Here earthly life ends, and its issues are summed up! and when, like that of our brother, the life that ends is distinctively great in its qualities and services, the lesson is one of peculiar fulness and emphasis. It is the end of associations, of services, of influences, that have taken strong hold upon the lives of others. The multitudes gathered round this grave attest that he who has passed away was no common man, that the influence which he exerted was no ordinary influence. Many lives, many circles of life, are sensibly and sadly poorer by his removal. To a man's own home circle this is always so; but to many other circles of life Mr. Binney was very much.

The world itself is poorer. The presence in

it of a great, godly, loving man, of a faithful and powerful preacher of Christ's Gospel, makes it richer. The ideas, the affections, the services, the lives of such men, are the true nobility of human life. They redeem it from its baseness and its insignificance.

It is much to lose such a friend as Mr. Binney was, so true-hearted, so noble, so loving; as wise in his judgment as he was tender in his affections. It is difficult for us to realise that we shall see him no more, that he can no more take any interest in our joys and sorrows, nor in anything that is done under the sun. Who of us, privileged by his friendship, does not feel that his life is nobler in its feeling and richer in its memories because of it?

To hundreds, perhaps thousands, of ministers to whom Mr. Binney was personally unknown, his words have been very helpful. They have felt the quickening of his power, they have been moulded by his spirit to a finer temper, to wider sympathies, to nobler aims, to greater capabilities of service. For nearly fifty years Mr. Binney has lived and preached amongst us, a faithful servant of Jesus Christ. His ministry

gathered round his pulpit more of the intellectual and formative elements of social life than that of most men. To-day, wherever over the face of the earth our English tongue is spoken, there are to be found leaders of intellectual thought, rulers in public affairs, teachers of religious life, who are his spiritual children, or who owe the chief quickening of their life to his broad, his manly, his godly teaching.

To many here he ministered as a pastor. He was the religious teacher of your childhood, your youth, your manhood; from week to week his preaching filled your life with great thoughts and inspirations; and his prayers, often so wonderfully penetrating, and comprehensive, and fervent, carried you to the very heart of God. Many lives, many family lives, owe that which is most powerful and precious in them to the ministry of our departed friend. That ministry is now finished—we shall see his face, we shall hear his voice no more; but to have enjoyed it is a privilege and responsibility not to be measured or weighed. Surely there are thousands whose lives are greater and more godly because of it. It is a heritage of ideas,

emotions, and impulses, which to-day, under the softening power of these mute farewells of the grave, and of the tender memories which they awaken, you will surely do well to ponder. Mr. Binney's preaching was a personal religious faith, in which he lived, in which he died. The great truths that he preached had full possession of his convictions; they were the strength and inspiration of his life; they were his only stay and comfort in the weakness of death. Amid the painful depressions which the nature of his disease naturally produced he simply clung to them. My friends, for the greatest of us as for the least, there is no other hope. When we come to die, only the redemption that is in Christ Jesus can be our strength and stay. He opens the kingdom of heaven to all believers. Only the life and immortality that He brings to light can be our light. It is the light that shines into this grave. It is the hope that comforts our sorrow.

We bid our brother, our father, farewell until the morning of the resurrection. He has finished his course; he has kept the faith; and now his is the crown of righteous-

ness. Already he has heard the gracious Master's "Well done." He has gone up higher. His is the "far better." He is "preferred before us." He has "entered into the joy of his Lord." To many of us life without him will be different. We have still our ministry to discharge, our course to finish; but it is only for "a little while" that we do not see him, and then "again a little while and we shall see him;" and then, if faithful, it will be rest and reward for us also—the reunion of long-parted and sainted friends.

SERMON

PREACHED IN THE

WEIGH-HOUSE CHAPEL,

SUNDAY, MARCH 8th, 1874,

BY

REV. JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

SERMON.

WHEN Mr. William Jay preached the funeral sermon for Rowland Hill, he took for his text, "Howl, fir-tree, for the cedar is fallen." And he appropriately dwelt on the impression made by the death of a man of mark. Thousands felt last Monday, as they gathered together to follow Thomas Binney to the grave, that one of God's cedars in Lebanon had been laid low. And to-day the feeling returns with even more force, for here we are assembled, as it were, on the very spot of the mountain side where the cedar grew, and where from week to week many of you gathered under its shadow, and were refreshed by its fragrance.

I feel that the duty which devolves on me is as important as it is solemn, as difficult as it is affecting; and nothing but the memory of an acquaintance running over forty years, and growing into a friendship for the last half of that

period, would have induced me to undertake it. My trust in preparing this discourse has been in the Divine Master: in like trust I now deliver it.

"They glorified God in me."—GAL. i. 24.

THE points brought before us in this passage, written by St. Paul, are the manifestation of God in man, and the glorification of God by some, for the manifestation they see of Him in others. The first is implied in the text, the second is expressed, and the explicit statement cannot be understood, without pondering the implicit fact.

I shall endeavour to bring out the fact of the divine manifestation in man; to illustrate the point by a general review of our friend's life and character; and, in conclusion, to indicate how we may glorify God in him, as the Churches of Judæa glorified God in the Apostle Paul.

I. The manifestation of God in man.

When the Churches glorified God in the case of St. Paul it was because they saw a manifestation of God in his conversion and character;

and if we would glorify God in such a case as that of our departed brother, we must prepare for it by a broad and intelligent study of the divine formation and the divine redemption of humanity.

(1) The manifestation of God in humanity surpasses the manifestation of God in nature. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handywork." But, in the constitution of humanity, there may be found what is fairer than any flower, brighter than any star, deeper than any river or sea, more majestic than any mountain. Even the human face and figure, as seen in the highest types, are handyworks of God, inexhaustible in their elements and suggestions, as anyone may discover who has ever studied ancient statuary or modern painting. But philosophers and poets, when contemplating the powers and capacities of the human mind, have felt that beings who can appreciate and enjoy the marvels of the material creation, who can investigate and unfold the laws of their existence, and discover within them hidden

meanings suggestive of greater things, are more marvellous than any unconscious objects which inspire their admiration and stimulate their inquiries. The thought of man's immortality deepens such impressions, since, in a moment, it reveals an immeasurably advantageous contrast between him and all material splendour, even that of the noonday heavens, for—

> "The sun is but a spark of fire,
> A transient meteor in the sky;
> The soul, immortal as its Sire,
> Shall never die."

That thought, however, grand as it is, becomes eclipsed by another. The moral and spiritual capabilities of humanity; the instincts and affections which can be educated, so as to assume the aspects we sometimes behold; the virtues sown thickly in the heart by the Gospel, and the fruits of the Holy Spirit as gathered in noble Christian lives,—they exceed in true value the most coveted mental endowments; and also, of course, beyond that, they surpass incomparably all scenery on the face of the earth, however much extolled for magnificence or beauty. To go further still, the moral and

spiritual, in themselves, on their own account, transcend all measures of duration—and even duration which is immeasurable. To live for ever is much, but to live a life of Godlike goodness, if it were not for ever, would be more. "Much more beautiful," says Dr. Arnold, "because made truly after God's image, are the forms and colours of wise and holy thoughts, and words and actions," than any hill or valley in the world," for this will pass away, and that will not pass away. But that is not the great point: believe with Aristotle that this should abide, and that should perish; still there is in moral beauty an inherent excellence which the natural beauty cannot have, for the moral beauty is actually, so to speak, God, and not merely His work. His living and conscious ministers are, it is permitted us to say so, the temples of which the light is God Himself."

(2) When the manifestation of God in man goes so far beyond the manifestation of God in nature, we are led to inquire, Is there any cause at hand to interpret and explain this? I think there is. Is not the manifestation of God in man based upon the manifestation of God in

Christ? Glancing for a moment at the mystery of the Incarnation, God manifest in the flesh, we come at once, I apprehend, upon that which is the ground of all other divine manifestations in the history of our race, whether physical, or intellectual, or moral. When we see that man is capable of such an union with God as took place when God sent forth His Son, born of a woman, we need not wonder at anything fair and bright, grand and noble, in human bodies or in human minds. The Incarnation reveals such depths of capacity in the nature which the Divine Being brought into the closest living relationship to Himself, that one is prepared for superlative expressions of power, beauty, and tenderness in the lives of men. He, by His Incarnation and death, redeemed mankind, not only saving souls from the punishment of pain, but really delivering them from sin, compared with which physical pain is a trifling evil. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit." What the Law could not do, God, sending His own Son, effectually accomplished. The divine

life poured into Christ, and from Him flowing through channels opened into the hearts of believing men, brings to pass what no words of law, no verbal forms of precept, nor even a simple sense of moral obligation ever could achieve. The Spirit of life in Christ Jesus makes us free from the law of sin and death, so that the righteousness of the law is fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit. A vital inspiration of goodness, of faith, purity, and love, and self-sacrifice, streams into the soul of every person who experiences what is described in the words now quoted from the pen of St. Paul.

(3) To understand, then, the manifestation of God in man, we must connect with it the manifestation of God in Christ; and for the manifestation of Christ as the image of God, we must study the New Testament. These things we must bind together, and the manifestation of Divine love and righteousness, thus appearing, makes up the sum and substance of Christianity as a Gospel, and of Christianity as a living power. The New Testament is a temple filled with the grace and glory of the

Saviour. It may be, to certain minds, on entering within it first, obscurely grand, dimly magnificent—like some stupendous edifice, which has overpowered us on crossing the threshold, and stamped on our minds a vague impression. But, as the sublimity of such a structure unfolds itself to the thoughtful stranger, who walks up the aisles and gazes on the columns, the arches, and the roof, the whole flooded with rainbow-tinted light, the whole expanding before the astonished gaze like an immense Indian flower in summer bloom, so gradually opens on the devout reader of Christ's matchless history, the revelation of His discourses and His character, of His life and His death. The Divine truth, righteousness, and love, of His acts and utterances prepare for the perception of what comes at last—the mystery of His mediation and atonement through the blood He shed upon the Cross. His public deeds, His private virtues open on us as we advance, step by step, till we reach the steps of the altar of sacrifice, to see "the Lamb that was slain," and find ourselves in the inmost shrine of Christianity—the Holy of holies—bright with

the beams of redemption,—redemption dark with excess of light, redemption at once a blessed revelation and an inscrutable mystery.

As we dwell amidst the New Testament revelation of Christ, we see that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself. The Divine character, the Divine government, the Divine law, the Divine love, come before us there as they do nowhere else: for, as the intellectual exceeds the physical, and the spiritual the intellectual, and goodness in man surpasses greatness in man, and the glory of the Man Christ Jesus is infinitely higher than the glory of any other, so in Him, viewed altogether, we find the very image of God. We see the glory of God shining in the face of Jesus Christ, and we hear the voice of the Son, saying to us, as we kneel at His feet in praise, and gratitude, and adoration, "He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father;" and then out of this first and second revelation—that of Christ in the New Testament, and that of God in Christ—there comes a third, the Revelation of Christ in the Christian.

Out of the one grand revelation of God in

Christ, though it stands by itself, there grow myriads more. His redemptive work has an unparalleled formative power. Next to his own divine manifestations, at an immeasurable distance indeed, came divine manifestations in Apostolic lives. It is one of the elect band who tells us in the text how men glorified God in him, and just before he has been saying, "It pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by His grace, to reveal His Son in me." He, in the chapter before us, tells the spiritual part of his conversion story. He opens his soul. He takes us into his confidence. He describes the origin and progress of his spiritual life, and is so absorbed in thinking of that inward work of grace, that he drops out of sight all its outward circumstances, all its miraculous accompaniments.

A stroke of gracious power, of omnipotent love, so entered his spiritual nature that it was fused like metal in the fire, and then poured into the mould of the Gospel, to take a corresponding impress and form. He was converted, regenerated, born again. He passed through the change which is at the root of all

divine manifestations in humanity. He became, through the Spirit of God, a new creature in Christ Jesus. He took the image of the Son of God. He appears in the New Testament a typical man, a pattern to all who believe. As a Christianised man, St. Paul is worthy of study to the end of time; especially in this way, that after all he is not an original, but a copy. "Be ye followers of me," he says, with Apostolic authority, and then with Christian modesty and meekness he adds, "As I am of Christ."

The space between Christ and an Apostle is immense; not so the space between any ancient and any modern believer. All Christians are of one family. The redeemed life of humanity in all its holy members is the same. There is one body and one spirit. The distance imagined between primitive and modern Christians produces a pernicious effect. It leads to superstition, to ignorant reverence for virtues which all believers in Jesus Christ should possess, and to the toleration of gross imperfections in those who deem themselves below whatever might be called a saintly vocation. Whereas all Chris-

tians are "called to be saints." The vocation is universal. There is no room for canonization *within* the Church. The only canonization recognised in Scripture is one which embraces, one which extends to, every sincere and earnest disciple of the Redeemer.

(4) One more remark with regard to the divine manifestations in the children of men. Those manifestations are of course to be considered as confined to that which is divinely produced. There is much to be found in humanity for which the Divine Author of it is not responsible. Man, to be accountable, must be free; and to be free he must have a will, unforced, and spontaneous in action. Such liberty is, in truth, a priceless gift, and, like beauty, it has proved to mortals a fatal one. A will to choose—a power of choice—is at once the basis of what is best in man, and the occasion of what is worst. This faculty, akin to creative force, produces all which is dark, and sad, and sinful in the life of individuals and in the history of the world. Men's errors, failures, transgressions, backslidings, and easily-besetting sins are their own, emphatically *their own*, as nothing

else is or can be. They can none of them be put down to the Divine account; they lie, and must lie, at men's own door. Things of this kind, then, must be separated from all which comes out of God's dealings with us. The manifestation of God in man belongs to all which is true, and beautiful, and good, whether produced by what we properly call *nature*, or by what we scripturally name *grace*. It belongs to nothing else. Hence, if we would glorify God in His servants, we must separate between the gold, silver, and precious stones on the one hand, and the wood, hay, and stubble on the other. "The best of men are men at the best," is one of those old, homely adages the universality of which proclaims their truth. Nobody who knows much about the Church, or has studied history, or has read his Bible, can doubt it for a moment. There are grand original lines drawn over man's nature with which he is at cross purposes. There are impulses, strivings, and suggestions of the Holy Spirit which at times he resists or quenches. The good man mourns over it himself, whilst God sees it, and the Church sees it, and the world sees it. The

divine elements in man, the divine gifts to man, the divine providence over man, are all beautiful and blessed; but in the darkening of those elements, the perversion of those gifts, the frustration of that providence, comes out the dismal tinge, the corrupt taint, of degenerate humanity. There are MSS., you know, called *palimpsests*, that is, MSS. written upon twice. The original inscription upon man, which was fair, and full of divine wisdom, has been defaced, and in its place may now be seen letters, and words, and sentences in contrast to what was inscribed before. So with the characters of men, even good men—men "born of the Spirit." Over their better nature you may see scratched in ugly scrawls, very obvious imperfections, and frailties. But, thank God, often do we witness, after the process of defacement, a process of restoration! Divine grace, thorough discipline of various descriptions, rubs out the evil and brings back the good, and causes the soul at last to reveal again most distinctly what had only been dimmed, and not destroyed; even as there has been discovered a method by which

such ancient writings as I have spoken of can be made to exhibit once more what seemed—but only seemed—for ever spoiled.

II. I proceed now, in the light of the foregoing remarks, to study some points in our departed friend's physical and mental nature, ecclesiastical position, social power, and spiritual life. We shall see in him manifestations of divine power, wisdom, and goodness, and thus we shall prepare ourselves to glorify God in him.

(1) Let me, in the outset, touch upon his natural endowments. We have indicated how God manifests Himself in the original constitution, as well as in the renewal and sanctification of human beings; and therefore physical peculiarities here come aptly within view, forasmuch as the human frame is a choice specimen of divine workmanship, and the body, seen in the light of the Incarnation, becomes invested with a charm, of which no pagan artist or sculptor could ever dream. Superior minds have been lodged in bodies of inferior form, as in the case of Isaac Watts, not to mention others. In him the intellectual and spiritual were out of all proportion to the corporeal.

But the Almighty often lodges the soul in a tenement corresponding as to appearance with itself. It was said by John Howe respecting a friend, that he was wrought "*luto meliore*, of better, or more accurately figured and finer-turned clay." And Calamy said of Howe, "There is that in his looks and carriage which discovers that he has something within which is uncommonly great, and tends to excite veneration." Gregory Nyssen said of Basil that his "face was attuned to the harmony of the soul." Somewhat similar things might be said of Thomas Binney. You see him now, through the eye of memory, with portly frame, noble head, ample brow, thin scattered locks, expressive eye, changeful countenance, now fierce with indignation, then smiling as a child's in gentlest love. You recognise in him a model—a study for art—an object which did, as it well might, arrest attention from passers-by as he walked the streets. You will see him no more as once you did. He sleeps, with curtains drawn in darkness, where we reverently laid him last Monday afternoon—sleeps till the final morning breaks upon the world. The resurrection

will be to some, because of disease, infirmity, or accident, a healing miracle: to our friend it will be a transfiguration into richer strength and grace. Paul says, "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory;" by which he means, that as in the material heavens there are different degrees of brightness, and bodies are not the same, so the body of the resurrection will not be the same as the body buried in the tomb: if beautiful in death, it will bear a noble beauty afterwards. We think of our brother's grave, and many near it, as containing rich treasures. Abney Park is pre-eminently God's acre. Besides the last addition to the catalogue of sleepers, there lie John Pye Smith, Andrew Reed, John Morison, Arthur Tidman, and many more we have known and honoured.

> "Their dust and ruins that remain
> Are precious in our eyes;
> Those ruins shall be built again,
> And all that dust shall rise."

To pass from the physical to the intellectual, our brother's type of mind was one which

can be made the subject of an interesting and instructive analysis. There is no difficulty in determining the class of thinkers to which he belonged; but I have an invincible distaste for disquisitions on intellectual qualities in a funeral sermon, such as are quite proper in a volume of biography. Therefore I shall briefly remark that, undoubtedly, one great distinction was his ability in argument. He liked to throw his thoughts into the form of ratiocination, and he spent his main power in articulating joints between positions and inferences, between premises and conclusions. He was more at home in building up logical structures than in digging up the facts and principles on which alone they surely rest. His imagination was subordinate to his judgment; it was never touched by mystic influences: it never soared into transcendental realms. In thought, as in other things, he was an Englishman, addicted more to practical than speculative studies; having keen penetrating common sense, rather than the insight which leads into regions of abstract inquiry. With other people, I have often thought he would have made an eminent lawyer. He had great talent

of the forensic kind—was admirable in stating a case, explaining a law, defending a position, and sifting a heap of evidence. Yet, perhaps he would have shone as a judge more than a pleader, for he was averse to one-sided views, and liked to balance opposing probabilities. The gifts which the Father of spirits bestowed upon him were eminently adapted for usefulness among intelligent and acute Englishmen of the middle class. As in the case of Paul—whom mentally he somewhat resembled—the bountiful Lord, in the endowment of His servant, as well as in separating him from his mother's womb, and calling him by His grace, had an eye to that work of the ministry in which he spent his life. How many of you found in him exactly the sort of teacher you wanted; helping you through difficulties, making crooked things straight, and rough places plain! And I may add, not only by argument did he help you, but still more by his vivid apprehension of the contents of Scripture and the workings of human nature; so that he was able to conduct you to points of vision where you were able to see for yourself what, under another kind of instruction,

might have remained to you hopelessly obscure. Standing beside him, you could hear and see your Saviour; and often within these walls has been repeated the incident which occurred at the well of Sychar, when the people said to the woman, "Now we believe, not because of thy saying: for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world." Yes, I can truly say that to some, but not to all. Many, alas! who heard the deceased pastor of this Church never felt the saving power of that Divine One who spoke through him. It may be there are those here this morning, to whom all the faithful representations and warnings of many years were offered in vain. Would that his death might speak with more force than his life, and carry home appeals from his departed spirit, such as you rejected when uttered by his mortal lips! And surely the remembrance of his earnestness and affection, as well as of his reasoning, ought to touch you as you think of them; for had he not a strong emotional nature, and did he not speak to you often from the depths of his heart?

In conducting an argument, establishing a

position, or illustrating a point, you know he wrought not in frost, but in fire; what he said or wrote appeared, not in a pale, dry light, either scientific or didactic, but with much of glow, sometimes reaching even furnace heat. Some paragraphs in his sermons were at once so pellucid and so burning as to remind one of the Apocalyptic sea of glass mingled with fire. Surely all this could not have been in vain!

His strong affections were manifested in private even more than in public life. I have heard him say, that people gave him credit for having brains, but he was quite sure he had a heart. I have seen him tremble with emotion and weep like a child at a tale of sorrow—at some touch of tenderness in passing words or incidents. His pity and compassion for people in trouble, I know, surpassed what is ordinary; and he would set to work, heart and hand, to help poor brethren out of difficulties, so far as pecuniary resources were of use. Irritability, occasional explosions of temper, were but natural in one constituted as he was; but malignity or revenge had no place in his bosom. He could forgive generously without

parade, manifesting it in conduct rather than by speech.

In the centre of man's physical, intellectual, and emotional life lies the will—that active power which sets the rest of our nature in motion. Our friend at times exhibited a strong will, and in nothing did it appear more strikingly to me than in his early life (according to a long account he once gave me of it), when, as he said, in circumstances exceedingly unfavourable to literary culture—indeed, when almost in utter lack of helps to learning—he improved himself by methods and devices most ingenious and original, and by dint of unconquerable resolves, laid a foundation for that knowledge of the English language upon which he often congratulated himself. If the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties betokens the presence of a strong will, there can be no doubt of such a will having been possessed by him. There were, however, times when the active power of his nature seemed to fall somewhat into abeyance,—when through infirmities, especially as time told on him, there was a want of steady resolution in the performance of

work; but never until near the last did he seem to lose the energy which, at least by fits and starts, enabled him to accomplish feats of labour surprising to common men.

(2) I proceed to consider his ecclesiastical position.

He was a minister of Christ's Gospel, and in that he gloried. He believed that he had a mission from on high to preach, and the fulfilment of that mission he made the business of his life.

The substance of his teaching was both theological and religious. He studied certain points of divinity with unusual thoroughness. Respecting some of them he had great difficulties in early life; and having fought his way through those difficulties, as was natural, he tenaciously held ever afterwards the conclusions he had reached. I may mention the Divinity of our Lord, His Mediation, and man's justification by faith. In defence of his belief touching these matters he was singularly strong. His mind was somewhat angular, and more acute than comprehensive: systematic, harmonious views of the broad fields of divine truth, I believe, he

was not wont to propound, but his handling of particular themes was very characteristic. His theology was decidedly of the Evangelical type, and in his teaching he was wont to appeal to the law and to the testimony. That appeal he deemed conclusive. He could cleverly forge and strongly rivet links in a long chain of orthodox reasoning, but he suspended the whole upon some staple ring found in Scripture. The motto of Chillingworth, "The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants," may express, though perhaps requiring some modification, Mr. Binney's fundamental axiom. Resting on the evidences of the divine origin of Christianity—evidences which he was accustomed to state with precision and force—he considered that he could safely challenge all comers. He went forth to fight in the spirit of John Bunyan's "Great-heart," and "Valiant-for-the-truth." Almost every piece of his harness bore on it a Puritan stamp mark, and he believed himself to be clothed in the armour of God.

What he saw of theological truth, he saw clearly, but he never supposed that he saw the whole. He had a deep sense of the mystery

which impinges round the most certain conclusions of theological study. He rejoiced in the disc of light, but he felt the encompassing rim of darkness. This feeling I have repeatedly heard him express, and it was conveyed in the utterances of his last hours.

His great sermons were treatises, somewhat on the old Puritan plan, as it regards extent of discussion, but modernised in form and expression according to the style of the nineteenth century. Several of those which he printed are quite exhaustive in their treatment of texts and themes, and for vigour of thought and copiousness of diction they occasionally remind me of the sermons of Warburton—perhaps still more the sermons of Horsley. I remember well the effect produced by his delivery of the Missionary sermon in Surrey Chapel, about thirty years ago, from the words, "He shall see of the travail of His soul and and shall be satisfied;" when the preacher, then at his meridian, enchained the attention of a vast audience nearly two hours, by the force of his argument and the fervour of his appeals—fire flashing out, sentence after sentence—elec-

tric life, as it were, flowing not only from his lips, but from his face and figure, in short from the whole man.

But he had another style of preaching, not theological so much as religious, when by natural and forcible illustrations, and by touching appeals, he brought home experimental and practical lessons to the hearts of his hearers.

Never can I forget a sermon I heard him preach in a little country chapel, about five-and-thirty years ago, from the text, "The Lord God is a sun and a shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." The audience might number between one and two hundred, and there he stood, talking familiarly, but with singular wisdom and beauty, on the light and defence which the Lord God is to His people. He gathered appropriate illustrations from the sunshine pouring that summer's day through the windows of the ivy-mantled walls; and then, comparing Jehovah to a shield of strength, a tower of protection, he spoke of the believer as a little child within the impregnable castle of his father, looking without fear upon enemies

assailing the gates; and that thought has often occurred to me, and made me, in hours of danger and distress, feel like such a little child, helpless in myself, but strong in my Father's power and love. With this, to me, his most charming style of preaching, many of you are familiar. Here, in this Weigh-house Chapel, you have hung upon his lips, and at times the impression has been aided, rather than hindered, by peculiarities of expression, attitude, and movement, pronounced by those who did not know him as you did, very odd and eccentric. You, however, looked up to him with filial affection, and saw a spiritual beauty in his smile as good as some other men's sermons, and felt there was eloquence in his pointing finger, and in his outstretched hand. Yet some of his greatest admirers acknowledge that there were occasions when he carried his pulpit liberties a little too far, and I am not sure that I have not heard him confess as much himself. But, "what is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord."

In connection with what I have said of Mr. Binney as a preacher, I would add that he did much to roll away from Dissenters the reproach

that they think too much about preaching, and too little about worship. He was as thoughtful respecting his prayers—often more so—than respecting his sermons. He took the lead in the reformation of psalmody. He made the Weigh-House a temple of harmony and melodious praise, and his "Service of Song in the House of the Lord" indicates cultivated taste in relation to music, as well as enlightened piety in reference to devotion.

Of his pastoral relation to you, for more than forty years—of the formative power of his influence over many when they were young men—of the tender, healing virtue of his visits to your bereaved and darkened homes—of the Weigh-House Church life, once proverbial far and wide, to which he supplied, under God, the inspiration and the impulse, I have no time to speak, and, indeed, on these points some of you are better informed than I.

For time urges me on to look at your departed pastor as the patriarch of Nonconformity in his own day. His pre-eminent position amongst us is attested by the copious biographical notices of him in leading newspapers,

and by the affecting spectacle presented at his interment; and the occupancy by him of that position is to be attributed to a combination of causes—amongst which, in addition to his character, abilities, and pulpit popularity, must be included his personal appearance, the familiarity of the public with his manly form, his manifold and far-reaching sympathies, his genial nature, and his embodiment of so much that pertains to the national character. His influence in his own denomination throughout the country was aided by the central position of the Weigh-House—when London was different from what it is now—by strangers from the provinces who flocked here as to a centre, by his visits to various parts of the country at Nonconformist festivals, and by the transfer of so many members of this Church, from time to time, to other congregations throughout the land. Nor do we forget how his name, throughout the British Colonies, came to be known, beyond that of any Congregational minister, owing to his being the father and founder of the Colonial Missionary Society, and the guide and counsellor of many a youth going out to seek his fortune in America

or the South Seas; and still more especially owing to an extraordinarily popular visit which he paid some years ago to Australia. Moreover, when I was in Canada, last autumn, I often heard of a less public visit, which he paid to that country more than a quarter of a century since.

His Nonconformity was of a cast more common years ago than it is now, at least among the leaders of Dissent. Preferring in this as in other matters to look at the concrete more than the abstract, his objections to the Established Church in this country rested, in the main, upon what it actually is, with its attendant circumstances. This view appeared in his controversial pamphlets, in his public speeches —when he touched on such subjects—and in his private conversation. He thought for himself, though in the old-fashioned kind of way, and would not be moved from his old stand-points, though they were less popular than they had been aforetime. Throughout his career, even when provoked to say some very sharp things respecting the Established Church, he had a taste for its architecture, for

its liturgy (with amendments), and for its music. He would have been delighted to occupy its pulpits, and he never lost opportunities of associating with Episcopal clergymen in friendly intercourse. It is quite a mistake to suppose he was a political Dissenter. He had his political convictions as a citizen, and appropriately expressed them, but he entered into no combination with political parties for ecclesiastical ends. He was too independent to be a partisan, and when new forms of conflict arose it was difficult to predict what course he would pursue. He shrank from extreme measures, and considered moderation the truest and wisest, as well as the safest path. Some would accuse him of timidity, but without reason, for it required courage to do some things which he did in the face of popular opposition. And now, once for all I may say, that he leaves no one behind him who can take his place. He lived in an age of transition, and whilst in a certain way reverencing the past, he had no ignorant antipathies to phases of thought prophetic of the future. He did something to smooth a passage from the old to the new, and looked for-

ward to coming times with more of hope than fear. Development he knew to be a law in Nonconformity as in other things of this world. He saw that the Nonconformists of the 18th century were in advance of their fathers in the 17th; and again, that the Nonconformists of this century have passed the point reached a century before. Development, no doubt, may be false as well as true. Rapid travelling may carry men not only along the line, but off the rails. Growth may be healthy, and growth may be diseased: all this he noticed, and therefore criticised public movements; yet he was never averse to what he deemed legitimate progress. His conditions of progress are well expressed in his own words: "As Christians, let us war with what separates men from God; as Dissenters, with what separates Christian from Christian. Let us seek the nearer approximation of Church to Church, and the ultimate recognition and union of all." The Master raised him up to do a certain kind of work, and he did it, not unmindful of its being preparatory to things beyond. And "after he had served his own generation, by the will of God," he fell asleep.

(3) Next to his ecclesiastical position let me notice his social power.

This appeared especially in later life, after he had begun to mix largely in society. For many years he was accustomed to attend great gatherings. His tall figure was easily discovered in a crowd. He was well known in the City on festive occasions, where sometimes his company was sought; and wherever he appeared his name and character made him welcome. He cultivated intercourse with all classes, as well as all denominations, and was felt always to be emphatically a man amongst men.

But at home, in the domestic circle, at the hearth of loving, sympathetic friends, he was most in his element. Varied in his ways, sometimes silent and a little moodish, or a little abrupt, or a little petulant, at other times he would be the light of the dwelling, and shed sunshine into surrounding souls,—full of humour and anecdote, and passing by easy turns from healthful pleasantries to intelligent conversation, earnest debate, or sage remark.

To comprehend our friend's character, to measure his influence, to account for the mark

he made upon his times, you must distinguish between what he did, and what he was. Men of real power cannot exhaust themselves by their doings; there is always a fountain of strength left within. But that is not what I mean now. I mean, that by virtue of the great social power which our brother exercised, he accomplished more than can be accounted for by any books he printed, any sermons he preached, or any work he performed. In himself he was so much, and that gave him power. Jonathan Edwards speculated on the different measures and amounts of being in the universe. In Thomas Binney there *was a great amount of being*, of the kind already indicated, and that gave him social power, and made his contemporaries feel his presence. Some men look better in print and in pictures than in real life. They are thought of more when they are gone than while they are here. I don't think the case before us will be of such a kind. I question whether, a century hence, anyone reading what the departed wrote, or even when pondering traditions of him, such as will be handed down, will be able fully to explain how he

occupied the place and wielded the power which he did. In a multitude of instances, what a man *was* can never be appreciated by posterity; and the present instance is one pre-eminently noticeable; it is strictly a case in point.

(4) His spiritual life.

On this subject he was reticent, shrinking from those open revelations of personal religious experience to which some are prone, and leaving what he was in his inmost self to be inferred from his public teaching and his general conduct. His books afford us glimpses of his soul. His "Illustrations of the Practical Power of Faith," published during an early period of his ministry, afford evidences of his deep convictions of cardinal truths at that time. A sermon on "the Church and the Closet," of later date, and which I remember hearing him repeat with remarkable impressiveness in London after its delivery at Leeds in 1843, manifested a Luther-like fervour, a passionate earnestness, touching the need and efficacy of Christian supplication. His essay entitled "Is it Possible to make the Best of both Worlds?" was produced afterwards, and suggests to the

reader, on comparing it with previous publications, the idea of the author having passed into a somewhat different phase of sentiment. Whereas, before, he had expressed his faith in the Invisible, and his penetrating impression of the grace and spirituality of the Gospel of Christ, and his apprehension of the power of the world to come, he now appeared, without at all abandoning his earlier faith, to see more of the relation in which Christianity stands to the temporal interests of mankind. I do not attempt to fathom the secrets of his bosom, to sound depths in the current of his spiritual life as it flowed on and on; but, taking a fair view of the whole history of my beloved friend, I should say that, if in the later period he was more *natural* (using the word in a good sense), in the earlier period he was more *spiritual;* that first he disclosed lofty aspirations, and next unfolded a broad, genial disposition: both aspects, however, bearing on them some impress of the New Testament.

No doubt his singular kind of popularity, the deference shown to him, the caresses and flatteries of friends, and the compliments paid

him by the outside world, brought close to him forms of temptation which it required more than a mortal temperament wholly to resist; but I speak from, I think, impartial observation, when I say that none of these things ever destroyed, or even diminished, the simple and unostentatious habits of his private life, or chilled the warmth of his chosen friendships, or lessened the regard which he fondly cherished for the ministers of his own ecclesiastical communion. He visited others, and delighted in those visits, but he could consistently declare, "I *dwell* among my own people."

Visits which I paid him before the last few days of depression, have left beautiful memories. He was sitting in his library, his venerable head bent, his chin resting on his hands, and his hands leaning upon the top of his staff, so that he looked like Israel when he blessed his sons. He spoke very tenderly of the goodness of God and the kindness of friends, and expressed himself as ready to die—to go home. There was in him a childlike simplicity and tenderness, the manifestation of which quite broke one down. He dwelt much on the

words: "My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever,"—words, I believe, affectionately urged upon him by our common friend Dr. Raleigh, who justly described them as bringing before us, in trying moments of existence, at once "what is worst of all, and best of all." The tears and responses which the strong man, as he bowed himself, mingled with the short prayer I offered, were beyond description.

But a change came over him after I had seen him for the last time. Years ago he was subject to depression. I recollect that before he went to Australia, he suffered acutely from mental gloom, and it was with a view to divert his attention from himself, and so relieve his mind, that he took the voyage he did to the other side of the world. I believe that at a still earlier period he had endured a great amount of melancholy feeling. Within a few weeks of his death, the clouds which had so long been cleared away returned with augmented density and darkness, and sadly obscured the going down of the sun when life's evening came. He wrote bitter things against

himself, and refused to be comforted. The thought of his own sins, as he placed them in the light of infinite purity, produced the deepest anguish.

In connection with the account of my beloved friend's last hours, as given by one of his relations, I cannot help referring to the well-known description of the death-bed of England's favourite poet, William Cowper. Most unlike each other in many respects, there was this resemblance, that both passed through clouds of thick darkness just before the eternal light broke on their souls. When a companion was seeking to cheer Cowper by a confident assurance of his approaching blessedness, the poet begged him to "desist from further observations of a similar kind." But "he expired so peacefully, that of the five persons who were standing at the foot and side of the bed, no one perceived the moment of his departure. From that moment till the coffin was closed the expression with which his countenance had settled was that of calmness and composure, mingled, as it were, with holy surprise. In sure and certain hope, indeed, for the deceased, might

the remains of Cowper be committed to the ground;" and the same may be confidently said of Thomas Binney. In his case the peace came before his departure. If not earlier, at eventide there was light. He said, before his death, he felt greatly relieved. He alluded to the goodness of God and to the light of His love. Just before his spirit departed, he lay perfectly calm, and it seemed then as if the words were realised—

> "And not a wave of trouble roll
> Across my peaceful breast."

His last moments, according to the testimony I have just cited, corresponded with the description in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress:" "He took courage, and the enemy after that was as still as a stone until he was gone over."

III. I will, in a few words, intimate the way in which we may glorify God in him, as the Churches of Judæa no doubt glorified God in the Apostle Paul.

(1) By cultivating gratitude. The Churches of Judæa were grateful to God for the coming man, for what he was likely to be. You are to be grateful for the departed one, for what he

actually was, and for the memory he has left behind. Let the bereaved family, knowing as they do the manifold excellences of him who is taken from their head, and believing as they do that by the grace of God he was what he was, thank God most devoutly on this behalf. Let the dear widow, with whom we so keenly sympathise, amidst her sorrow thank God for such a husband. She did so when he was with *her*, his wife; I am sure she will do so now he is with *God*, his Father. Let the Church in this Weigh-House, in a like spirit, thank God, remembering the long years of high and honourable service their departed pastor spent among them, his name a tower of strength, his reputation encircling his congregation with a halo of brightness. Let brethren of his own communion thank God, that he was long spared to them as an advocate, a counsellor, a friend; and brethren of other communions do the same, in recollection of his catholic services. And let Englishmen in general, whose high estimate of his worth has in so many graceful ways been testified, thank God for having raised up amongst them, and preserved so

long, such a characteristic type of our national character. We are to glorify God in him

(2) By a course of imitation. We have left to us, as a legacy, his example; and in our discriminative study of his life, we desire to make a wise use of it, according to the Master's will. In His sight, and in the pure radiance of His perfection, we see infirmities in all His servants, even the best; but we would avoid trenching on forbidden ground. "Judge not, that ye be not judged." How often the failings which we *detect*, or sometimes unrighteously *suspect*, in others, exist, even in greater degree, within ourselves! The examination of our own hearts is one of the first duties which we owe to the Father of lights, as He causes to pass before us one and another whose radiance, however distinguished, is nevertheless bedimmed more or less by spots. Would to God we might all hearken to-day to the voice of St. Paul: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."

How many excellences there are which, under the impulse of our friend's example, we should seek to reach!—self-culture, justice, candour, zeal for truth, sympathy, generosity, indignation at wrong-doing, yet compassion for the fallen, admiration of the best, pity for the worst, and charity towards all.

And here I would apply to all ministers, and take home to myself (and I am persuaded Mr. Binney's successor in the pastorate will sympathise with me in this respect), what Sylvester says in his funeral sermon for Richard Baxter. "What must I do to get, though but a fragment or small corner of our Elijah's mantle? None of his extraordinary measures for special service can, or do I look for. But study, meditation, prayer, and faithfulness, through the mediation of his great friend and mine, Christ at the right hand of the Father,—so much may be desired, endeavoured after, and expected, through grace, as may enable me safely to train up souls for God. What must I do to meet with our Elijah, and his God, in peace? What is the course that I must take? Must not my eye be inward, upward, forward, backward, round about? Must

I not endeavour to know my errand, warrant, difficulties, duties, and encouragements? Must I not know what I say, consider what I know, believe what I consider, tell what I believe, prove what I assert, practise what I preach, and promote the Christian interest with all wisdom, diligence, and faithfulness, as my predecessor did before me?"

We are to glorify God in him

(3) By the exercise of trust. It is very natural to say, when a person of distinction is gone, "No one is left to take his place." And undoubtedly the saying is true. But as we utter those common words, do we sufficiently remember, that no one man's place need to be filled by another? A man's place, as well as a man's person, passeth away, in the all-comprehensive system of God's working. There are, in His household, as many places for work as there are persons. The German maxim applies here: "God has a plan for every man." No two places with regard to any two individual servants in the Master's employment, can be duplicates. Work in the world, and in the Church, needs to be done at different times, in different

positions, and by different persons, in different ways. And there is no want of power and will in the Infinite Ruler to carry on the affairs of His immense government. It is proverbial how little, after a while, men the most unique, the most indispensable as we think, are publicly missed by survivors; and this is not to be attributed to human ingratitude and insensibility, but to the all-sufficient resources of Him, who, when certain servants in certain spheres of influence are gone, marks out other spheres, and raises up other servants to fill them,—several, perhaps, being appointed to do a kind of work similar to what before was allotted to a single stronger one. It is not to glorify God in any man, to speak despondingly of the loss of him. God has always forces in reserve. He perfectly knows the right order of battle, and at the fitting hour he calls his soldiers into the field, both officers and privates. I have no doubt God is at this moment raising up men amongst us, some of whom we know not, and cannot guess, to meet all emergencies, to carry on a war on the side of truth and right, to do a great work, to win high honour, and to go down at

last into the grave amidst the benedictions of brethren.

(4) Finally, let us glorify God by cherishing the hope of Eternal Life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Bereavement brings with it darkness. The wrenching away of the cherished chains of human relationships may leave a bruise not to be effaced, may inflict a wound which in this life can never be healed. But let us not sorrow "even as others which have no hope." Death, the last enemy, shall be destroyed: there is a chamber of peace within the grave. There is a home of felicity beyond it. Them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. Oh, the mystery, the mystery of the unseen world! How deeply our dear brother felt it I can testify from conversations he has had with me on the subject. Yet life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel, as he fully believed, and as he impressively proclaimed; but God does not mean that we should know all which lies on the other side the veil, until the veil is rent and we enter in. Our friend has entered in, and knows much more than he did a fortnight

since. Yet even now he knows not all, and cannot, until the perfecting of humanity shall come at the resurrection of the last day. But he knows enough, and enjoys enough, to make him blessed as he never was before: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." We will not bid you farewell, beloved one. No, no. We have the sure and certain hope of meeting you again, when the dreams of life shall be lost in the realities they prefigured; when the mysteries of providence shall be explained by the revelation of its marvellous issues; and when the morning shall break, and the shadows flee away, all but the one bright blessed shadow: for "he that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide (for ever abide) under the shadow of the Almighty."

A SERMON

DELIVERED AT THE

WEIGH-HOUSE CHAPEL,

BY

REV. W. BRADEN.

SERMON.

"A man greatly beloved."—DAN. x. 11.

"After he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."—ACTS xiii. 36.

THE hand of the critic has been very busy during the last few days dissecting, analysing, and tabulating the character of him whom we here have delighted to call pastor and friend. This was inevitable, for Mr. Binney was essentially a public man. He belonged not to a single congregation or to a denomination, but to the whole Church of Christ, and to the country of which he was always so patriotically proud, and in which he was so conspicuous and noble an influence. It was therefore natural that after his death an endeavour should be made to ascertain the elements of his power and to estimate the special value of his work. To those who knew him intimately, not a little of this eager criticism appears altogether inade-

quate, and in some cases grotesquely untrue. We smile, indeed, at the ignorance it displays, but wonder more at the impertinent boldness that assumed the task. Yet let it also be said that some portraits of our beloved friend have been painted by the strong, firm hand of a reverent admiration; and though it is premature to expect absolute justice in a delineation drawn beneath the deep shadow of death—men cannot see very clearly through the mist of their tears—still in these descriptions we thankfully recognise much that seems to us as tender as it is true.

But, dear friends, we who have listened to his teaching in this place, who have been wont to welcome him into our households in seasons of festive joyousness and desolating sorrow, may well be forgivèn if we regard all these criticisms, even the kindliest, as too cold, too discriminating to touch the inner springs of our sympathy. A newspaper article detailing the virtues of those who have gone from us is but poor comfort to hearts that almost break beneath their weight of pain. To some of us Mr. Binney was so much more than a public man.

We were bound to him by the ties of a hallowed personal love, by the attraction of his own large, generous, and gentle nature, by the consciousness of multiplied obligations. He was our teacher, whose words of truth brought light to our perplexed minds, strength to our wavering wills, hopefulness to our timid hearts, and lifted our whole being into a more perfect fellowship with God. He was our friend, ever ready to put his strength, his wisdom, his time at our service. He has been associated with us in the most sacred scenes in our history. Over some of us he prayed the consecrating prayer at our baptism. To others he gave his fatherly benediction when he joined their hands in the sanctities of married love for life. He has visited us when smitten into helplessness by weakness or disease, and left behind in the sick chamber a peace which seemed born of God. He has gone with us to the grave, and wept with us there; and when we thought that life was to be henceforth a long course of dreariness and care, he brought near to us the wondrous sympathy of Christ and the eternal hopes that fling a beauty even into the very depths of the grave.

Of all this the big outside world knows nothing —can know nothing. Our loss it cannot appreciate, and we do not expect it to enter into our sorrow. We rejoice that it pays homage to his memory. The demonstration of honour and esteem on Monday last was wonderful to us and pleasant. But that scene meant more, far more to us, than was possible to the majority of the thronging multitude gathered there. The ceremony was imposing, yet the longing to take a quieter farewell of our late pastor irresistibly arose in some of our hearts, and we are anticipating the opportunity when we shall be able to steal away to that hallowed resting-place, and there shed our silent tears alone.

Now, with such feelings as these, it will not be a matter for wonder if I, to-night, speaking as his successor to the ministry in this place, and as one to whom you, his people, naturally look for consoling help, should refer more to the relationship in which he stood to you than to the prominent position he so ably sustained before the general public. Various points even in this relation I shall leave untouched, as they were admirably dealt with this morning. The

passages of Scripture I have chosen are familiar enough as texts for a funeral sermon, but they never more appropriately applied to any man than to him who has just finished his earthly service. He was "a man greatly beloved." He was a man who notably "served his own generation by the will of God," and now he has peacefully fallen asleep and is "laid unto his fathers." Let me then speak of two aspects of Mr. Binney's life and work, viz. his personal and public ministry. By his *personal ministry* I mean that which he fulfilled by the influence of his character, and which made him "a man greatly beloved" amongst us. For it will be universally admitted that whatever may be the quality and scope of a preacher's intellectual powers, however splendid the sweep of his eloquence and impressive the force of his reasoning, they cannot in any measure compensate for the lack of that subtle, penetrating, inspiring, spiritual energy which flows forth from a pure and noble nature. Goodness is influence in the work of the ministry. It is an unknown quantity. It cannot be calculated. Its full effect cannot be seen; but for all spiritual ends it is unques-

tionably the most powerful of all gifts, and the most sure in the accomplishment of the work of God. No man will achieve much among any people unless they love him, and love is impossible except it be founded on the broad, solid basis of esteem for personal character. The spoken word may excite admiration, but the Christ-like life will win the heart; and when the word is the natural expression of the life, both become grand testimonies to the grace of God. "Ye are the light of the world," said the Divine Master; then "let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." What Mr. Binney was as a sterling Christian man, who maintained an upright, steadfast, brave, consistent character which none could impeach for some fifty years of ministerial service, everyone knows. He needs neither vindication nor eulogy. No charge is brought against his memory, and therefore we make no defence of it. All who knew him can testify that he lived as a man of God, and his conduct was in many respects a commentary on the truth he taught. All who listened to his won-

derful descriptions of an ideal manhood—to his impassioned and often scornful denunciations of human selfishness, meanness, and lust—to his pleading, rational appeals to the finer instincts and nobler aspirations of his hearers—heard in them no hollow ring, as from one who spoke on such themes because it was his profession, but they knew that he was a man who in his soul hated the sin on which he poured his wrathful eloquence, and that he loved and strove to attain that perfection which he so attractively portrayed. No one would presume to claim that he was perfect, or had "already attained," least of all would he have done so for himself. No one could hear him pray but must have felt how completely conscious he was of defect and sin, and how entirely he cast himself for mercy at the feet of the world's Saviour. After reviewing the past he was able conscientiously to affirm: "I have endeavoured so to live that if I did not 'adorn' I yet might not disgrace 'the doctrine,' that the foot or hand might not contradict the lip." Yet in the presence of God his predominant feeling found expression in the words: "Hear my prayer, O

Lord, give ear to my supplications, and enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified."

Let me add a further word or two here. That he expressed himself decisively sometimes every one knows, and nothing fretted him more than fussy pretentiousness, or pompous littleness, or what seemed to him manifest thoughtlessness. A sharp, rebukeful word, a stern look, were the signs of his feeling, and strangers may have stood in awe of him—thought him harsh, "tyrannous," careless of another's feelings. Yet, let it be said, not by way of excuse, but of explanation, that a man with a body so acutely sensitive to external influences, and capable of such tortures of pain, with a brain always working with a perpetual nervous energy, must not be judged according to ordinary rules. But it ought to be added that none ever repented more bitterly than he when he thought his words had wounded any heart. If there were times when to the outside world he appeared vigorously rugged, ungenerously severe, and unsympathetically repellent, his friends knew that the impression was unjust, and that beneath the

rough exterior of eccentricity there was a nature susceptible as a child's, gentle as a woman's, brave, chivalrous, and kindly as any man's.

This leads me to say that the chief characteristic which made him "a man greatly beloved," and was the supreme power in what I have called his personal ministry, was *his abounding sympathy*. The possession of this, the divinest of all human virtues, is absolutely essential to every man who would become a successful leader or teacher of his fellows. You cannot mention the name of any great historical character, who has drawn around him a company of devoted followers, or a circle of ardent friends, who has been cold, impassive, and unsympathetic. Princes, statesmen, warriors, philosophers, theologians, authors, preachers who have achieved the highest fame, have attached men to them by their strength of sympathy. Great souls that excite the admiration and personal affection of men do so by their humanness, their genial breadth of nature. There is something in them which responds to something in us, though we may never attempt

to explain to ourselves what that mysterious power is. We assure ourselves that the man we love will understand without difficulty our tenderest yearnings and most eager aspirations. His presence draws forth our most elevated thoughts and our profoundest secrets. His words thrill and inspire us as no other human words can do; and thus from sympathy comes love, and love kindles into enthusiasm, and enthusiasm leads to self-sacrificing devotion. All this is not only illustrated by historical facts, but by to-day's life in every department of thought and action. But I repeat, with special emphasis, that no minister can possibly do God's work with much success unless he possesses the broadest sympathies. He who has to expound the Divine thought and will and love to the world, to bring Divine truth into contact with the infinite and ever-varying needs of human experience, and the strange diversities of human character; he who has to penetrate into the most sacred arcana of the soul, interpret its mystic yearnings, awaken its devoutest longings, encourage its Godward energies into a bolder, stronger life; he who has to guide "young

men and maidens, old men and children," "to weep with them that weep, and to rejoice with them that do rejoice;" he who has to convince the doubter, arouse the sinful, restore the erring, warn the wilful, inspire the timid, enlighten the ignorant, prompt the slothful; he who has to deal with individual experiences, and to rule the Church as a body of men and women acting in their collective capacity; he who thus becomes the servant, the ambassador, the representative of Christ, and therefore the friend of all men, women, and children throughout the world, must have a large and sympathetic nature. Never are narrowness of thought and hardness of feeling more utterly obnoxious than when connected with the ministry of the Gospel. If you ask me for the secret of some men's failure in this sublime work, I should find it here—littleness of heart. Not want of intellectual or expressional gifts, but meagreness of sympathy. They could not take large views of life. Humanity they have known only according to one type. Religion has been to them a creed of a few articles which they have demanded with many threats of "pains and

penalties" should be accepted by all the world in precisely the same indiscriminate fashion. They have surrounded themselves by a frigid atmosphere of professional propriety, which has chilled and repelled the affectionate impulses of people's souls. Yet such men stand to preach Christ's Gospel—a Gospel which is spirit and life, a Gospel which is a word of love direct from the heart of God, and that meets the needs of every soul. Strange spectacle! Mistaken calling! What Christ wants is *men*—and that means fulness of power in heart as well as brain. The world is to be won to His cross by sympathy. He who claimed kinship with all the children of men, made good that claim by revealing a nature so wondrously comprehensive in its generous affections, so ready to respond to every need of every life, that humanity to-day recognises His attraction, calls Him "*the* Son of Man," and loves Him with a love stronger than death. Dear friends, when we need an illustration and an example of a servant of Christ who possessed large and tender sympathies, we shall readily mention the name of Thomas Binney. He had a

splendid massive physical organisation, and God gave a mind and soul to match with it. Those who have listened to his teaching for several years can abundantly testify to the broad conceptions of human life which that teaching manifested. The one was the result of the other. He held the mirror of his own heart up to nature, and caught the reflection of its multiplied and varied characteristics thereupon, and the knowledge so gained gave breadth to the truths he taught. He was in sympathy with every form of life, and could appreciate the most diverse aspects of human nature. As a natural consequence, numbers of people were drawn into a relationship of personal affection with him, entrusted to him their fullest confidence, sought his counsel not only in their moral and spiritual anxieties, but likewise in the critical affairs of their business and social life, welcomed him as a dear intimate friend into the peaceful sanctities of their homes. He could talk to little children with the simplicity of a child, to young men with the fervour of youth, to the mature with the gravity of maturity, to the aged with the experience of

venerable years. The power to do this implies and manifests sympathy in the highest degree and of the most comprehensive character.

But some who hear me will naturally be thinking of sympathy in its nearer and more precious and far less general aspect. For Mr. Binney was exquisitely sensitive to the troubles and sorrows which men and women feel. Any tale of distress, of poverty, of pain, or of bereavement would quickly melt him into tears—tears not sentimental, but that were followed by all the help that it lay in his power to give. He must have written thousands of letters simply to console the anxious and the suffering. Many of those to whom I am now speaking retain as the most valuable of treasures some such letters which they received in their seasons of grief. How often, too, he gave the needy assistance from his own purse, and then worked indefatigably to raise money amongst his personal friends for the same object! Indeed, the readiness with which he could be moved by any plea of poverty sometimes made him the victim of shameless impositions. So, also, if a man whom he had once known and respected had

fallen into disgrace that brought suffering, he would labour most devotedly to save him. He did not think of himself. Indeed, instances are not wanting in which he exerted himself on behalf of men who had meanly and wickedly maligned him in public print. It was his nature to forgive. These incidents were not altogether uncommon in our beloved friend's life, and every statement I am now making of his character could be abundantly illustrated by most striking facts. And it all sprang out of the largeness and purity of his sympathy. But more especially was this characteristic illustrated in his visits to the sick and his sorrow with the bereaved. When he preached his review of a forty years' ministry, he incidentally said, that whatever might be his failings as a preacher or a pastor, he could conscientiously declare that he had not been wanting in his care for the afflicted. His people testify to the full truth of the assertion. A gentleman who had known him many years, writing to me of his visits to those suffering in disease or weakness, says that his presence, words, and prayers were the very essence of tenderness, and the

hours appeared to the invalids wearily long in anticipation of another visit. You, to whom he has ministered when the shadow of death had fallen on your households, need no reminder of how he seemed to share your loss, making your grief his own, and uttering consoling prayers that seemed to bind up your breaking heart. When in the year 1858 he made his memorable voyage to Australia, his letters to his Church always contained references to the troubles of those whom he had left behind, and he expected to receive full information of every bereavement. In the first of those letters, written from Melbourne, I find him sending messages of sympathy to one and another of whom he had heard sorrowful intelligence; and there occurs this sentence: "Another family, I am informed, has lost three children, and other afflictions are referred to, which to me are very distressing. When I think of what the first few days brought forth after my leaving England, I am almost afraid of what the mail may bring which is now due, though I long for its arrival with anxious interest." That was exactly the true nature of the man—always thinking of and feeling for

others. Here is another illustration from the same correspondence. A Mr. Reed, a member of the Weigh-House, and a student for the ministry, was unable, by reason of health, to settle in England, and having married, he and his wife accompanied Mr. Binney in the same ship to Australia. Of him our dear friend writes thus: —"While I was in the North I heard such affecting accounts of his state of health that I hastened from Sydney to see him before he died; but it was too late. . . . I have to-day only had the melancholy office of comforting and counselling his poor widow, left alone, after six months of wedded life, in this far-off land. Give her a thought and a supplication in your prayers on the night this letter is read to you." There, again, you have a revelation of the man. But such instances might be multiplied indefinitely. Everyone connected with this Church who has felt the crushing weight of trouble could add to the store. But as we think how his loving sympathy was ever exerting its healing, comforting, inspiring influence in the homes and hearts of his people, how it was always readily offered to the poorest as well as to

the richest, we know why he was "a man greatly beloved," and why, at the news of his departure, many tears have fallen; for to those who knew him well it feels as though life had suddenly grown colder, as if a cloud had passed between them and the sun. Yes, it was well to have known a heart so large, and faithful, and gentle; it has made our life richer in hallowed memories and purer aspirations, it has given us grander views of what human nature may become. And though we mourn his departure with sincerest sorrow, he will still live in our hearts by the memory of many a loving word and deed. God has called him away, and to that supreme will we bow. It is best—

"Yet would we say, what every heart approveth,
Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear ones whom He loveth,
Is mercy still.

"Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel—
The good die not!

"God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He has given;
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As in His heaven."

Very much more might be said on this aspect of Mr. Binney's character and work, for his

entire life was a personal ministry, but it is necessary to look a little at his *public teaching ministry*, as fulfilled in this place. Everyone is aware of the fact that, after a brief pastorate, first at Bedford, and then at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, he began his work in London in the year 1829. This he continued down to 1869, when he completed an honourable service of forty years. For a short time afterwards while the Church was seeking a pastor, he consented to preside over its affairs. On my acceptance of your invitation in February, 1871, he resigned the care and charge of all matters here into my hands. From that time till the period of his death he was an unofficial member of our fellowship; whose counsel was of immense value, readily and delicately offered when asked for, never once intruded upon pastor or people. While mentioning that fact, I would wish in passing to bear my warm and affectionate testimony to the manner in which he acted towards myself. The position was a difficult one, but he made it comparatively easy. No venerable minister ever dealt with a young one more generously than did he with me. Fatherly in his kindness

and thoughtful consideration, he never uttered a word that gave me a moment's pain. He knew, he must have known, that one wish from him would naturally have more authority among you than any number of expressions from myself. He was entitled to utter a decisive opinion on any question, but not once did he interfere, except to sustain any new movement that was proposed. It must have been a pain to him to have seen the chapel, associated as it was with his greatest triumphs, so completely altered, and the old pulpit removed, yet with gracious self-sacrifice he came and preached farewell to the old and welcome to the new. One of his last regrets, expressed to me a few days before his death, was that he had not seen the place since the organ was introduced. Everything that he could do to ensure my acceptance with the people who loved himself, and to give me comfort in my work, he was always eager to do. He was more or less the strong link which bound this Church and myself together, until new ties of personal esteem had time to form between us. Stress may be laid on all this, because it is not a common experience: the old

and the new do not always live harmoniously together; it is hard to give up authority which has been wielded for nearly half a century, and that Mr. Binney was able to forget himself for the advantage of another is further proof of the nobleness of his nature. Now that he has gone away into a higher service, it can be said that not a shadow of trouble passed between him and this church. Affection on both sides was strong to the last.

But, turning back to those memorable forty years, must we not assert that in them our honoured friend "served his own generation by the will of God?" We think, to-night, of the multitude of faces that have here eagerly gazed up into his face; of the souls that have been moved, quickened, warned, consoled, strengthened by his eloquent words and thoughts. What a vast mass of the dead and the living should we see if they were all permitted to pass by in solemn procession! Who can estimate their numbers? Who can calculate the spiritual power he exerted on them? By his visits to America and Australia he learned something of the influence which had gone forth from his ministry. "Both journeys," he says,

"opened to me a view of the nature of my position as the minister of this place, which otherwise I might never have imagined. Standing here, in the centre of this great city, through which a stream of strangers is ever passing, I found that I had been for years like a man on a bridge, dropping seeds into the river beneath to be carried by it to the sea, and by the sea to the shores of distant lands; for nowhere, either in the States or in Australia, was I ever in city or village without meeting with some one who had personally been in the Weigh-House." This is, in its measure, true to-day, as my limited experience can bear witness, and it will be so as long as there is a faithful ministry in this place. Men and women in large numbers enter here for one service, and then leave for distant parts; and until the judgment-day the preacher will not see the majority of them again. What a changing panoramic scene has this congregation been during Mr. Binney's forty years! How varied the experience of a man who, for that lengthened period, has devoted himself to spiritual service! What said our revered friend? "I have been called to sympathise with joy and sorrow, birth

and bereavement. I have witnessed rise, success, distinction. I have had to mourn over failure, loss, vicissitude. I have seen many death-beds irradiated by calm, Christian hope. I have looked on many lives that were holy, devout, honourable, consistent. I have seen youths and maidens grow up into men and women, and become the heads of well-ordered Christian families. I have had to sorrow over some who have resisted the attraction of parental piety, breaking from the restraints of a Christian home; and of others I have had to lament the passing away, without fruitfulness, of what once promised to be the beginning of a noble and godly life. I have not been left without evidences of usefulness in the form of 'turning sinners from their transgressions, so that iniquity became not their ruin;' but the principal work I have done—if, indeed, I have done anything—has been instructing, edifying, building up, confirming some in the faith, strengthening others in their resolves and purposes, helping to deepen the devotional sentiment, and animating and urging to all holy conversation and godliness." It is pleasant

now to hear again the echo, as it were, of his own testimony concerning the ministry he discharged, for we can say with deepest feeling, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." That our venerated friend and pastor rests, who can doubt? That he will, as the years go by, be receiving in heaven the fruits of his life-labours here, who does not believe? His works in due time shall follow him (for eternity is harvest season), and be his joy and crown of rejoicing in the presence of the Lord.

Concerning the *style* of his preaching I will not here say much. I am no more in the mood to criticise than you are disposed to listen to criticism. But I am told that those who have known him only in later years can have little conception of the massive force, the burning intensity, the impetuous, torrent-like eagerness which characterised the ministry of his earlier years. To some of us he was known only as a teacher of mellow, ripened genial experience, instructing us with paternal gentleness in those profound truths which long study and much prayer and chequered discipline had revealed

to his own mind and heart. As to the *matter* of his preaching, he himself told us: "I have tried to preach what I felt to be God's truth." He believed "the Book" to contain a Divine revelation, and he sought to discover what was revealed. That he had his own special struggles with doubt and mystery, intelligent, thoughtful seeking hearers of his sermons had no difficulty in discovering. From the very first this was the case. That he held with such a firm, tenacious grip to the doctrine of Christ's Divinity, and bowed his whole nature in worshipping love to Him who is "the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His person," is, I believe, to be attributed to the fact that, when a youth at college, he had been sceptical of the doctrine, and therefore was compelled to settle the debated question by diligent, protracted, and rational study. He could not accept another's ready-made creed, any more than he would have been willing to wear another man's clothes. He must discover for himself, and consequently it was intolerable to a mind like his to hear platitudinarian denunciations of scepticism nimbly uttered by men

who had never spent a day in careful thinking upon the infinite mysteries that compass human life and that shroud the Divine nature. That he was narrowly orthodox in the strictest sense, or after the old type, only those altogether ignorant of his teaching can suppose. But we find it asserted, without hesitation, by some of his critics, that his thinking was of the most limited character, that his beliefs never expanded with his advancing years, and that he was perfectly satisfied with the ordinary routine of what is called popular orthodoxy. We are told that he was one of those who held a "tenacious belief in the literal insp ration of the Bible as one solid block of revelation, without reference either to the gradual development of human capacity for accepting Divine truth within it, or the external developments which accompany its diffusion over the earth, in relation to the world beyond." It is affirmed that he had no interest in those great theological speculations which of late years have so profoundly affected modern thought. Such offhand and ignorant criticisms as these are hardly worthy of notice, certainly not of serious refutation. For it is well known

that Calvinistic theology as interpreted by some men he utterly repudiated, and no one can have read his sermons or heard him speak on matters of theological controversy, but must have felt that he was ever willing to receive new light provided it could be shown that it was *Divine* light. More than once a fierce cry was raised against his supposed heterodoxy, and people were warned of his dangerous teaching; all of which distinctly indicates that he chose to think on religious subjects for himself, and to express what he believed in his own way. But whatever may have been his matured views on certain disputed matters, there can be no question that he ever proclaimed with all the strength of his conviction the Fatherhood of God, the atonement and mediation of Jesus Christ, the regenerative power of the Holy Ghost, man's need of God in all his sin and sorrow, his disappointments and his aspirations. On such themes he preached with a richness of argument, a pertinency of illustration, and an earnestness of soul, which plainly showed that he was uttering what he "felt to be the truth of God." In this way he served his generation.

But there was a special service that he rendered which deserves remark. He helped to make religion appear a manly and therefore an attractive thing. The purpose of his teaching from the first was to develop manhood. In a sermon preached as early as 1832 there is this sentence: "Erect yourselves above yourselves, and exercise, by reason and religion, an abiding control over the appetites and passions. Let the man govern the animal, and let God govern the man!" That seems to me to be the key-note of his whole ministry. He was anxious to educate true men, men of righteousness, and therefore the purport of his teaching was: "You cannot be true men unless you are Christian men. All the noblest growth has its roots deep in obedience to the will of God as revealed by Jesus Christ. The grandest of all possible attainments is a life that is perpetually in harmony with, because ever under the influence of, the Divine will." Thus, at a time when religion was in danger of being regarded, especially by young intelligencies, as a weak and sentimental thing, afraid of thought, living in a hothouse of mere emotion in order to keep alive, Mr. Binney, by his strong,

vigorous appeals to the reason and the conscience, compelled those who heard him to respect Christianity even if they did not accept it as Divine truth. He has thus done not a little towards destroying a most pernicious falsehood, and in giving an immense impulse to that kind of teaching which satisfies the craving of the intellect as well as melts and moulds the heart. Thus he "served his generation by the will of God."

Another fact that stands out clearly is this—that the peculiar tone of his preaching was particularly adapted to the age. Mr. Binney says that his congregation at Eastcheap "was what is called respectable—meaning opulent or well-to-do people;" and I have no doubt that it was a special characteristic of it. Now, it was something for a man to be able to show such a people that religion of the highest and purest character is perfectly consistent and compatible with honest, industrious, worldly occupations. But his words extended beyond the limits of his regular congregation. He addressed the age—an age that required such teaching. With wealth rapidly increasing, businesses growing enormous, with competition hastening life along at a speed

almost cruel, with luxuries or comforts multiplying for every class, with some religionists describing the world and its pleasures and duties in language most unreal, and which they never felt, picturing it all as "a waste howling wilderness," or as a mere empty bubble, conveying the idea that there is contamination in work, that sin and toil are always joined together as cause and effect, and the curse is working still —I say that at such a time it was by the good Providence of God that a man was placed in the centre of the metropolis of the world to speak the true Divine Word on these things. He could and did in effect say to men : "Brothers, the world is good, all that God gave is good. It is no sin to be busy, or to grow rich or to enjoy every advantage of culture and comfort which increasing civilisation brings. These are all the Father's gifts, and we may take them and use them for highest spiritual ends. All the beauty and blessedness of life may be consecrated to the best service of God and man. It is in this way 'possible to make the best of both worlds.' Be 'not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' 'Rejoice,

O young man! in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.' Develop all that is most natural to you under the consciousness of responsibility to God." This was the kind of truth he taught his generation, and with what results? Why, thousands have "felt," with a critical writer, "the honour of being born for manhood—born to live in a hard, struggling, much-enduring world. "Certainly," he adds, "in the days of youth, many of my first wider conceptions of the reality and nobleness of life were given to me by Thomas Binney." Thousands learnt from his lips the meaning of the words, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." No truth could be more needed in a city like this, and no man could have preached it with greater effect than the late pastor of the Weigh-House Chapel. Thus, I repeat, he "served his own generation by the will of God." Here let me add that his life's work was wondrous complete. He served his generation by progressing with it. His

teaching was as instructive, interesting, attractive, and useful to the last, as in his earlier years. He had not served a generation which had passed away, leaving him a memorable relic of a bygone time. The ministry was full of modern life and modern thought to the close. Always keenly alive to every event and the movements of society, he continued watching the progress of the world, and learning for himself, and teaching to others, the great moral and spiritual lessons which he discerned. Thus he served his generation till his physical powers failed. It was a grand life, full of vital energy to the last.

Now he has fallen on sleep—gently called by the Voice he knew so well, he gently passed away. God knows that even amid the pain that comes of our loss we devoutly, thankfully declare we would not have wished it other than it was. For the faithful wife and lonely widow we mourn, and turn our sympathising sorrow into a prayer that the comforting Christ may stand ever near her; for the sons in a far-off land who have lost so honoured a father, we mourn; for ourselves we mourn—but not for him. He is in heaven. "Absent from the body,

present with the Lord." He has unspeakable joy—

> "And peace, for war is over,
> And rest, for toil is past,
> And goal of finished striving,
> And anchorage at last."

He is "for ever with the Lord."

But what for us who remain? Surely there is some blessing to spring out of this solemn discipline. The Church of Christ here had a large place in Mr. Binney's heart. He said of it: "No place in the world and no people can ever be to me what the Weigh-House has been and what you are. The connection has not been, I hope, without some real spiritual benefit to you; while to me it has been one which has been marked by respect, kindness, confidence, forbearance, and liberality to a degree not often equalled in our Churches, and never, I believe, surpassed." How pleasantly such words sound now that you can show him no more love! I think they fall with a soft touch of comfort on your hearts to-day. Well, shall we not sustain the history of the past in the future? Shall we not strive to be faithful to each other, to the

wants of the world, and to God? Shall we not seek more of the abiding spirit of power and purity for all our life and work? I cannot forget that this sorrow has come at a time when God is blessing us with every sign—both spiritual and temporal, in church and congregation and schools—of prosperity and success. And it is a joy to remember that when our sainted friend heard of what God had done for us, he wept for very gladness and gave thanks. For this he, with us, had been praying; and now that the answer has come, he has departed, yet sharing our gratitude. Let us then consecrate ourselves afresh, as in the presence of the dead, to a more perfect and saintly and self-sacrificing life. For awhile our light is to shine, our hands to labour, our lips to pray; God help us to be "faithful even unto death." For myself I can truly say that the burden of my responsibilities seems heavier far to-day than it did two weeks ago. Life is more solemn—the duty of ministering to your souls in private and public more momentous and imperative. That I can ever be to those of you who have known him closely what he was, it is folly to expect; but I pray

for that Divine strength and love by which alone I can follow him in the work of Christ in this place. And it may be that if I am faithful, I shall here be privileged to gather fruit, the seeds of which he planted in your souls; and therein shall that saying again be proved true, "One soweth, and another reapeth." Ah! it may be that even to-night some here who have heard God's departed servant preach a Gospel to which they have hitherto turned a deaf ear may be awakened to repentance for their multiplied negligence and sin, and sue for pardon at the feet of Christ. If so, this house of mourning will become the gate of heaven—this sorrow in the presence of Death will be changed into joy by the gift of Eternal Life. God grant it. Amen.

ADDRESS

DELIVERED FROM THE CHAIR

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE
LONDON CONGREGATIONAL UNION,

AT THE

WEIGH-HOUSE CHAPEL.

MARCH 3rd, 1874

(*THE DAY AFTER THE FUNERAL*),

BY

HENRY ALLON, D.D.

ADDRESS.

We hold our meeting to-day with the solemnities of yesterday still possessing our spirits, and in a place that to most of us is filled with the presence of our revered friend, whose body we followed to the grave. We can scarcely turn our thoughts from him, even to the necessary routine of life, which, like the sun, continues its uniform impassive course, whatever the change or the sorrow that it visits. He has so possessed our thoughts and our hearts, that for days to come his "passing away" will be an undefined hush and tenderness entering into all things. Were we to attempt to absorb them in alien topics, the violence would be too great, the unreality too flagrant; we should miserably fail. There is of course a difference; there are personal associations of long intercourse and strong affection which affect some, and there are general recognitions of the public man and

religious teacher which affect all. Some of us have lived our ministerial life as under his shadow, and have rested in his presence and brotherhood as in a strength. His greatness was of that broad and harmonious character that, while it distanced rivalry, it made envy impossible: it was the greatness, not of artful faculty or trick, but of a divinely-endowed nature. The breadth and power of his intellect have been an unconscious stay to our ministers and churches in the fierce questionings of all things amidst which we have lived. His strong, firm grasp of the theological beliefs which we hold most true and precious, has given confidence to lesser minds. His deep and broad-hearted sympathies have been to us a kind of fatherhood that was always helpful, often exquisitely tender. Our whole ministry has had an assured though an undefined feeling from his presence. No man could have been taken from us, who in all its more spiritual influences exercised such a vital episcopacy, strong in its intellectual power and wisdom, and nurturing through its generous affections and noble sympathies; who was more of an uncrowned king, commanding a sponta-

neous and glad homage; who stood more distinctly at the head of our ministry as *primus inter pares*, and whose influence as such was greater and more salutary. As in politics a leader like Mr. Gladstone gives a tone and a power to the entire party of which he is a member, so a man like Mr. Binney gives a character to his entire denomination. Men do not assume such positions; such influence cannot be conferred: they are growths of life, the natural products of great gifts, nobly and holily used. For gifts are the practical powers of goodness, the conditions of its expression. Goodness has its most natural affinities with power. Without power, like faith without works, goodness is dead. Both are God's gifts, and the combination of both is greatness, the greatness of manhood in its entireness.

That in this high sense Mr. Binney was a great man, none who adequately knew him will question. The sufficient proof is, that we think of no one who succeeds to the place which he leaves vacant. No one so stands out from the front ranks of our ministry. We are more abreast. Our leadership is more of many than

of one. And yet we speak of leadership in a very qualified sense, and of that of Mr. Binney with qualifications peculiar to himself. It was not defined—it was not capable of definition; it was not the leadership of office, still less of assumption; it was simply that of the impression, and estimate, and reference, which an entire life produces, which gathers as rain-clouds through the unrecognised exhalations of sunbeams; the entire result of long years of miscellaneous thought and speech, and sympathy and presence; a silent, impalpable, ethereal influence ever unconsciously accumulating, and creating a certain appreciation in individuals, in the Church, and in public opinion. Who shall say how influence gathers? Who knows what he does in the process of doing it? What specific achievement of intellect or heart creates it? Instances there are of the sudden development of some extraordinary gift. The young preacher shoots up into the firmament of the Church like a rocket, and sometimes he sustains through years his brilliancy and elevation. But then the influence, like the gift, is partial, it is the influence of magnetic attraction, rather than that of

gravitation. Mr. Binney's influence was not acquired thus; it was the growth of the seed-corn into the harvest; it was the fulfilment of morning promise in noontide strength and evening mellowness. It was the collective product of the entire man, and of his entire life and work. Mr. Binney had no one paramount gift. His greatness consisted of an unusual and harmonious combination of many gifts. In each separate attribute of his power he has been transcended by many of his contemporaries. He was a clear, strong thinker, but we have had thinkers more penetrating, acute, and profound. He was a well-informed and well-practised theologian, but he pretended to no eminence in theological science. His reading was extensive, his information orderly and exact, and his exegesis keen and true, but no one would claim for him the acquirements of the scholar. He was an effective preacher—one of the chief pulpit notabilities of his day, but he was in no sense a great orator; he had neither the rhetoric nor the passion which the highest oratory demands. But all these powers were possessed by him in a high degree, although by no means in the

highest—they were blended in him in a very beautiful and almost perfect harmony, and they were combined with high moral qualities which gave them vitality and force, and which made the whole man a man of distinctive, well-harmonised, and singular power. The constituents of manifold excellencies were in his preaching, regulating and enhancing one another; the momentum of the whole being derived from noble moral qualities which could not be mistaken. These were: high and godly aims; a diffused and animating earnestness, not of passion only, but of reason and moral sympathy also—an earnestness of the whole man, a robust appeal of religious truth to reason and conscience as well as to the sensibilities—so that if responded to at all, every part of the intellectual and moral as well as of the emotional nature should conjoin in the response; an instinctive fairness of statement, not careful, only because it was the natural and necessary attitude of the noble nature of the man; the working also of a great power of imaginative sympathy, so that it was impossible for him to take an undue advantage or to shut his eyes to whatever might

be said or felt on the other side of the question. Even in religious appeal he could not deal in indiscriminate statements. He could not accept dogmas polemically, nor regard any creed as either including all truth or excluding all error. The most reverential of men, and the least speculative, the suspicions of unsoundness which, in earlier days especially, he sometimes excited in ignorant or obtuse people, arose simply from his inability to accept indiscriminately traditional dogmas.

Mr. Binney's order of mind was critical and analytical rather than creative or speculative. Greatly as he could preach sermons and write pamphlets, he probably could not under any circumstances have produced a great organic work of scientific or creative thought. His imagination was not speculative or venturesome—it was a quiet, animating life, often fervid, but never transcending the control of clear reason. He was without a particle of the mysticism which characterises some great religious natures. His eminently reverential nature could bow before Divine mysteries, the wings of imagination being employed to veil his face as he worshipped;

but it was the feeling that reason had reached its limits; it was not the feeling that delights in mystic ecstasies of which it can give no account. Neither mysticism nor metaphysics had any charm for him. His mind was pre-eminently judicial. In the legal profession he would have made a poor advocate, but a great judge. With the requisite training, he could, beyond all question, have emulated the masterly effort of the Lord Chief Justice which has just filled all England with admiration.* This quality was the secret of his great strength as a teacher; it appealed to the noblest feelings, and it produced admiring confidence; but it was inconsistent with the highest efforts of the orator; inasmuch as the judicial feeling that is ever qualifying rounded statements and fervent rhetoric diminishes oratorical force.

No characteristic of Mr. Binney was more marked than his catholic recognition of good wherever good was, his instinctive feeling of "the soul of good even in things evil." So that his sympathies were not only many-sided,

* The summing-up in the trial of Arthur Orton.

they would often flow forth, not merely in generous charities to wrong-doers, but in unexpected directions of Church life, and work, and doctrine. No misconception could be greater than to represent Mr. Binney, as some of the journals of the week have done, as narrow in either theological creed or ecclesiastical notions. That he was not a rash speculator, that he was intelligently conservative in his beliefs, is true—all wise men are; but few men were more sympathetic with conclusions differing from his own, or more open to their appeals. Sometimes he saw so much to qualify his own conclusions, or to extenuate opposing ones, that he was scarcely just to his own advocacy. The characteristic which those imperfectly acquainted with him have mistaken for narrowness was an emotional sensibility of temperament, exquisitely tender when it was solicited in the form of sympathy, but as exquisitely acute to anything that impinged upon it. When wounded, it was acute even to morbidness. Hence he shrank from controversy, especially on theological matters; and with something that, under other inspiration, would have looked like

moral cowardice, often refused stern battle when it might seem to be demanded of him. It is one of the characteristic faults of such a temperament; but knowing that such were but inverted excellencies, those who knew him best regarded them least. In the real dependencies of life a truer heart, a more sympathising and faithful friend could not be found. He was a man to whom interest, honour, life itself might be confidently trusted. Like most noble natures, he loved his kind. He had intense joy in the love of men and women; his heart yearned for affection, and he amply repaid it with the richer affluence of his own greater nature. For myself, if one word of personal affection may be permitted, I feel that I have lost a true and warm-hearted friend of both me and mine. On the part of my wife it was an inherited friendship; he was her father's, her mother's friend; he blessed our marriage under the strong emotion of buried friendship, and by speechless tears sacred to the dead. He buried one of my children—then my only boy—and justified the emotion he could not control by saying to my wife, "My dear, he was *your* child." He was the friend to whom,

when I needed counsel, I most instinctively turned. No man more trusted and loved ever crossed my threshold. Few were the occasions of domestic or social interest when he was absent.

But I did not intend so formal an analysis of the character of our revered friend. His presence amongst us is too recent, the sorrow of his loss is too vivid for this to be possible, with anything like calm, just estimation. In our Churches and in our hearts he will be a great memory, which those who come after us, having no personal knowledge of him, will scarcely perhaps understand. For, as with most of our ministers and pastors, the pressure and distraction of practical duties hindered any great work which might have been an adequate memorial of his power. To those who have discernment, however, his sermons and pamphlets will indicate what he might have done.

There is, however, a practical moral of great men, which, on an occasion like this, may be fitly pointed. It is foolish to urge general obligation in disregard of the natural distinctions of men. The maxim that "genius is power

of hard work" is more specious than true; no power of hard work could have produced the grand harmonious faculty of a Thomas Binney, or the rhetorical splendour, the Shakesperian fertility, and the many-sidedness of a Henry Ward Beecher. Such men are born, not made. Both Mr. Binney and Mr. Beecher, I imagine, gave unmistakable indications of their respective genius before hard work had done much for them. I am not sure that it ever did very much. There are brooding silent processes in such natures, which are not so much active acquisitions as passive absorptions. They gather as the rain-cloud gathers, before it discharges its copious shower. This attractive and assimilating power is one of the congenital elements of such natures. No doubt hard work makes the most and the best of whatever the natural faculties may be, and without work the very highest natural genius will be comparatively unfruitful. The inferior man who works hard often surpasses the indolent genius. Work is the best compensation for genius, and the best realising power of it. If a man be a genius, let him work hard to make the most of

his genius; if he be not a genius, let him work hard to make up for the natural inferiority. We must recognise different natural endowments, and we may do homage to the greatest. This is the true worship of a man—not reverence for acquired things—for wealth, for social position—but for natural excellencies and strenuous virtues. A great intellect, a great heart, is to be reverenced as a nobler work of the Creator; it claims, in part, the reverence which is supremely His. Reverence is rightly proportioned to greatness and goodness. Men like Mr. Binney command the loving, manly reverence and service of all right-hearted men.

God gives to every age its great men, and to every age its appropriate forms of greatness. It is not, I think, enough to say either that the age makes the man, or the man makes the age. Both are true in part, both are largely true; but both the man and the age have an unconquerable individuality; and I think we may recognise a discriminating, an adapting Providence in the various qualities of the men He gives us. Great men would no doubt be great in any age; but their special greatness is their fitness

for their own age, their fitness of temper and of service. From Peter and Paul, to Luther and Calvin, we may trace this special fitness of distinctive natural quality in the great men of each generation. Our own more restricted succession of great men would illustrate it also. Mr. Binney could hardly have been what he was in the age of Philip Doddridge. His age was prepared for the preaching which he chiefly inaugurated, perhaps by the same general literary influences that changed the oratorical taste of the age of Sheridan into that of the age of John Bright. Mr. Binney did his own distinctive work. He could not so have done the work of the men that went before him; they could not so have done his. He has largely stamped his impress upon the preaching of our Churches; but subtle laws of change are working already, and the next form of greatness among our preachers will differ from his. Let us accept this wise law of God's gifts, thankful for the fitness of the great men that He has given us, and in undoubting faith that He will again, as we need them, give us men not of greatness only, but of fitness.

The condition of the highest greatness—that is, of combined intellectual and moral greatness —is service. "He that will be greatest among you let him be servant of all." Happily there are special affinities between intellectual and moral greatness; it is the instinct of great power to minister—it must express its thought and its heart. Exceptions—such, for instance as the first Napoleon—are monstrosities, and their penalty is that men regard them as such. How all forms of greatness serve mankind! How greatness in purest intellectual forms unconsciously preaches noble truths and sentiments! How scientific greatness ministers, in manifold ways, to human well-being! It is scarcely greatness that does not; it is mere faculty.

Who may estimate the service done by a man like Mr. Binney? The very life of a great man elevates our conceptions of the race—shows its possibility, is an approach towards the ideal which we all dream. Think of the retrospect of human history with its great names blotted out!—think of the dead, marshy, social flat of contemporary life without our great men of literature and art, of science and politics—

without Tennyson or Browning to sing to us, or Gladstone or Bright to make politics noble! It is a great thing for common men to *see* men greater than themselves—it reconciles them to humanity, it fills them with hopes concerning it. The pulpit, moreover, cannot be the effete, contemptible thing that it is sometimes represented, when men like Robert Hall and Thomas Binney feel that their highest powers cannot attain to its themes. Nonconformity cannot be the unreasonable, vulgar thing that it is said to be, when it justifies itself to so many noble intellects. Christianity cannot be the unreasoning fanaticism that flippant scorners pronounce it to be, when so many great thinkers do homage to it. It assures us even to see that so many of the greatest intellects among men are subdued by it. The mere existence of great men is a confidence and strength to faith.

Who shall estimate the obligations of our ministers and Churches to the mere thoughts that their great men put before them—the new aspects and relations of truth—the new lights shed upon truths by great thinkers? They teach common men to conceive of things; they

shape their philosophy of truth, of sin, of redemption, of eternal life. How the thought of common men would be minished, narrowed, made commonplace and shallow, if it were not for the lights that shine into it from greater minds! The mere reception of their ideas of God and Christ and spiritual life is to be ennobled by great riches, when men are intellectually poor.

But men like Mr. Binney chiefly serve us by quickening and elevating us. Greatness, like the sun, has actinic influences; I have more vigour of life in me because of it. I myself can think and act and love more greatly because I have seen it and touched it. I acquire the great man's habit of thought, his fervour and catholicity of heart; intellect and heart, both are stimulated by him. I do not necessarily imitate him, but his life passes into mine. Plato created Platonists; Augustine, Augustinians; Shakespeare, nobler human beings generally. What power there is in a noble sermon! We never forget it; it is the cause of many noble sermons in us; it has not merely given us ideas, it has stimulated our power of ideas. It is as sunshine or rain or manure to the plant or tree—it makes us fruit-bearing.

It would be difficult to estimate the quickening power of Mr. Binney in our ministry. No other man in our time has approached it. Hundreds of men preaching Christ's Gospel now are preaching it more truly, more broadly, more nobly, more lovingly, through the inspirations of the Weigh-House pulpit. Around it for years students of our metropolitan colleges used to gather. At first perhaps, overpowered by his strong individuality, they unduly reflected him. But with the bane there came the antidote. Mr. Binney quickened as well as impressed; and by-and-by the life and growth obliterated the mere impressions, like the bark of a tree growing over initials cut into it. And the men are strong in the strength of their own quickened life and augmented power. We thank God that he has lived. He has fertilised our Churches and our ministry, and has done much to ennoble the commercial life of this great city. He was a burning and a shining light, and we rejoiced to walk in his light. This generation must pass away before his name ceases to be a spell, his memory a tenderness, and his teaching a spiritual power.

APPENDIX.

The following appeared in the DAILY NEWS *of March* 10 :—

THE long list of eminent Nonconformist Divines upon the register of Abney Park Cemetery was continued yesterday by the interment of the Rev. Thomas Binney. Upon his life and labours we commented at length when his death was announced; and, before describing the remarkable demonstration evoked by his funeral, it would be well, perhaps, to recall the interesting associations of his final resting-place. Abney Park Cemetery is the Bunhill Fields of the present day, and the first thought which occurs to the visitor entering its gates for the first time is that, though it is but four miles from the Exchange, and therefore nearer to the centre of London than any other cemetery, there is none to surpass it for picturesqueness and retirement. It is, in short, thirty acres of beautiful garden and shrubbery, enclosed by jealous walls, and shaded by a wonderful variety of fine trees—venerable yews, a noted cedar, said to be centuries old, the thick-branched

elm, the spreading chestnut, the plane, the slender silver birch, the oak, the fir, and the thorn; some of the walks among the dead, indeed, bear the names of the broad boughs which wave above them. Although the cemetery was opened but in 1840, it is thickly peopled, for it is a free "God's acre," where all who come are received without question. For nothing is the cemetery more celebrated than for its intimate connection with Dr. Isaac Watts, whose memory a tall monument and a pleasant path perpetuate, and who, when the grounds were the private park of Sir Thomas and Lady Abney, lived at the hall, and loved to write his hymns under the trees which still remain. Four-and-twenty years ago there was a memorable funeral in Abney Park Cemetery. A popular leader amongst the Nonconformists—the Rev. Algernon Wells—was carried to his grave in the presence of thousands who had known his worth, and the minister who concluded the service over his tomb was the Rev. Thomas Binney, to whom a like duty was yesterday performed by a high dignitary of the Established Church, Dr. Stanley, Dean of Westminster. In the cemetery lie Dr. Pye-Smith, the learned tutor of Homerton College; the Rev. John Watson, tutor of Hackney College, who was struck down and killed by a cab on London Bridge; the Rev. John Clayton, first minister of Weigh-House Chapel, after the abolition of the Customs Weighing-House and its beams and scales, over which the loft where the Church was born previously existed; Mr. John Morley, father of the

member for Bristol; Dr. Medhurst, the missionary who mastered alike Chinese languages and Chinese hearts; Dr. John Campbell, author, preacher, and journalist; Dr. Morison, the warm-hearted Scotchman, to whom the missionary societies owed so much; Dr. Alexander Fletcher, truly described on his fine monument as "the Children's Friend"; the Rev. Dr. Andrew Reed, whose works live in the grandest of our philanthropic institutions; Josiah Conder, the poet and journalist, whose two sons, both in the ministry, were around Mr. Binney's grave yesterday; and Dr. Tidman, for twenty-six years foreign secretary to the London Missionary Society. To these is now added, in a quiet corner, by the side of a sister, Thomas Binney.

Mr. Gamble's chapel, at Upper Clapton, was the appointed rendezvous of the ministers and gentlemen appointed by various societies and churches to attend the funeral. The chapel having been filled, the visitors overflowed into the schoolrooms and vestry. Amongst the deputations who thus appeared were representatives of New College, the Congregational Union, the Colonial Mission, the Congregational Board, the London Missionary Society, the Memorial Hall, the London Congregational Union, the Merchants' Lecture, the Bible Society, the *Evangelical Magazine* Trust, the United Presbyterians, the English Presbyterians, the Wesleyans, the Baptists, the Congregational Library, and the Young Men's Christian Association. It was anticipated that the attend-

ance would be great, but no one supposed that the demonstration would be so remarkable. When the procession began to move it was found that the mourning coaches numbered thirty-three, and the private carriages brought the line to a length of nearly a third of a mile. Mrs. Binney, though unable to go to the grave, resolved to attend the preliminary service at Stamford Hill Chapel, where she sat hidden from view in the organ-loft. Mr. Binney's four sons are absent in Australia, but a number of more distant relatives were chief mourners. The procession from Mr. Gamble's chapel halted at Mr. Binney's house in Upper Clapton, and followed the hearse. The distance to Stamford Hill was not great, but the march, owing to the great length of the procession, occupied more time than had been expected. Along the entire route drawn blinds and silent crowds testified to the respect in which the deceased was held.

The Congregational Church at Stamford-hill is one of the handsomest in the metropolis. A tall, graceful spire rises high above the trees, forming a landmark from afar. The neighbourhood is rapidly growing, its high breezy position and pleasant suburban residences giving it a well-deserved popularity. The church is an offspring of Hare-court, Canonbury, and the ministers are the Rev. Dr. Raleigh, long associated with that ancient Nonconformist place of worship, and the Rev. Mr. Simon. It was selected for the present service because it is the nearest building to Abney Park large enough for the purpose, and because the

deceased minister was frequently seen amongst the congregation. The organ, the pretty stone pulpit, and the table beneath were draped in black. The applications for admission to the service were so numerous that stringent arrangement as to tickets was rendered necessary; and long before the doors of the church were opened large crowds of ladies and gentlemen in mourning were waiting, tickets in hand, for admission. In a few minutes all the seats but those in the centre, reserved for the mourners, were filled with a solemnly reverent congregation. A funeral voluntary was commenced by the organist shortly before one o'clock, and this continued until the arrival of the procession. In the church, as well as elsewhere during the day, there were members of other religious denominations, lay and clerical; Mr. H. Richard, M.P., the Hon. A. Kinnaird, M.P., Mr. Carvell Williams, the Rev. W. Roberts, of Junction-road Chapel, the Rev. Paxton Hood, Dr. Underhill, Chairman of the Baptist Union, and other well-known persons were present, the further half of the seats in the body of the building being reserved exclusively for gentlemen. At twenty minutes past one—a little later than the programme indicated—the organist softly played Handel's touching, "but Thou didst not leave His soul in Hell," this being the indication that the coffin was entering the building. The Rev. J. C. Harrison and the Rev. Dr. Halley, two veteran friends of the deceased, preceded the coffin, and walking immediately behind it were Dean Stanley

with the Rev. Dr. Stoughton, and, a few paces behind, the Earl of Shaftesbury. The large polished oak coffin was placed before the desk under the pulpit, at which the Rev. Dr. Raleigh stood. It was covered with a black velvet pall, and upon this wreaths of freshly-plucked azaleas, camellias, and violets were placed. Then, slowly followed the mourners, deputations, and friends, for whom special seats had been preserved—Mr. Morley, M.P., the Rev. Robert Moffatt, of whose wonderful experiences in South Africa probably everyone present had read in their younger days; Sir Charles Reed, M.P., Professor Newth, Dr. Parker, Dr. Angus, the Rev. Baldwin Brown, the Rev. J. G. Rogers, and many others. When the spacious church was quite full, the Rev Dr. Raleigh read out, and the congregation sang, the familiar hymn—

"Hear what the voice from Heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed."

To the right and left of Dr. Raleigh, upon the platform on which the communion-table stands, were the Rev. Dr. Stoughton, the Rev. Dr. Allon, the Rev. W. Bevan, the Very Rev. Dean Stanley, and the Rev. J. C. Harrison. After the singing of the hymn, Dr. Raleigh still remained in his place, the Rev. Dr. Halley ascended the pulpit, and read a selection of suitable texts from the Old and New Testaments. A prayer was then offered by the Rev. E. Mannering. The prayer, as is usual on such occasions, included a

special appeal for the widow and family, and a touching reference was made to the absent sons, who are yet unaware of their father's death. After the prayer, there was sung, all the congregation joining, and to one of Dr. Blow's solid harmonies, the 90th Psalm —always a favourite funeral chant of Nonconformists from the days of the Puritans and Covenanters—the grand poem which Hampden's stern troopers sung, as they bore the patriot's body over the Buckinghamshire hills to Hampden churchyard. The psalm chanted, the Rev. Ll. D. Bevan, once co-pastor with Dr. Binney at Weigh-House Chapel, and now minister of the place which once rung with the eloquence of George Whitfield, offered prayer. He was succeeded in the pulpit by the Rev. J. C. Harrison, who, in a brief address, paid warm tribute to the character and ability of the man whose remains lay beneath in the sight of the whole congregation. One other hymn was sung—

> "Come let us join our friends above,
> Who have obtained the prize;"

and the service was brought to a close by a short prayer and benediction by the Rev. W. Braden, the deceased's successor on Fish-street-hill.

The weather, fortunately, allowed the deputations and others anxious to join in the procession to the cemetery to abandon their carriages and walk along the road, upon which traffic was temporarily suspended, and on the sides of which unbroken lines of spectators stood. At least a thousand gentlemen walked two

and two behind the hearse. Immediately following it were the relatives and a couple of ladies. Immediately preceding it, side by side, were the Rev. J. C. Harrison and Dr. Halley, Dr. Stoughton and Dean Stanley, Dr. Raleigh and Dr. Allon, the Rev. Mr. Braden and the Rev. Ll. Bevan. The Earl of Shaftesbury walked in the after procession. A well-dressed assemblage of probably five thousand persons was massed as near the grave as the police could permit them, waiting for the burial service, and all heads were uncovered when the forefront of the procession appeared. The coffin was at once lowered, and the wreaths were deposited upon the lid, together with a basket of primroses, brought by a lady-member of the Weigh-House congregation. The Rev. Dr. Allon read the simple service, breaking off before the final prayers to deliver an address. Two other prayers remained, and the Benediction; and these Dean Stanley, from the head of the grave, pronounced with emphatic impressiveness. The very rev. gentleman was attired as an ordinary clergyman, and wore the skull-cap which he generally wears when preaching in Westminster Abbey; and there were other Church of England clergymen within sound of his voice. It was fully an hour before the cemetery was cleared, for all present wished to press forward to see the flower-covered coffin lid, and read, through the fragrant blossoms, the simple inscription, setting forth that Thomas Binney, LL.D., died on the 24th February, 1874, in the 75th year of his age.

The following is a list of deputations at the funeral:

New College—Rev. Principal Newth, Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Rev. Professor Redford, Rev. Professor Thomson.

Congregational Union—Rev. J. Guiness Rogers, Rev. A. Hannay, Sir Charles Reed, M.P., Mr. James Scrutton.

Colonial Missionary Society—Rev. J. Beazley, Rev. W. S. H. Fielden, Mr. James Spicer, Mr. F. Allport.

Congregational Board—Rev. H. Ashton, Rev. J. V. Mummery, Rev. Dr. M'Auslane, Rev. J. De Kewer Williams, Rev. C. Dukes.

London Missionary Society—Hon. A. Kinnaird, M.P., Rev. Dr. Ferguson, Rev. R. Robinson, Rev. J. O. Whitehouse.

Memorial Hall—Rev. J. H. Wilson, Mr. G. F. White, Mr. W. R. Spicer, Mr. F. Bloomfield.

London Congregational Union—Rev. John Nunn, Rev. Edwd. White, Mr. R. Sinclair, Mr. Thomas Walker.

Merchants' Lecture—Mr. J. L. Devitt, Rev. Newman Hall, Rev. John Davis, Rev. J. Baldwin Brown.

Bible Society—Rev. S. B. Bergne, Mr. A. Roberts.

Evangelical Magazine Trust—Rev. Dr. John Young, Rev. S. Thodey, Rev. E. Jones, Rev. J. Fleming.

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